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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE most important event of the week is the ratification by the American Senate of the Pact of Paris by eighty-five votes to one. Until the last moment it had appeared probable that a definite reservation regarding the Monroe Doctrine would be adopted as a reply to Sir Austen Chamberlain's demand for freedom of action in respect of "certain regions of the world the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety." Such a reservation would, of course, have killed any hope that the Latin-American nations would sign the Pact. As it is, Senator Borah has had to agree to present a report to the Foreign Relations Committee declaring that the Pact does not affect the freedom of the United States under the Monroe Doctrine. It is specifically stated that this report does not amount to a reservation, but this assurance may not satisfy Central and South America. There is, however, no further excuse for a delay in ratification by the European Powers.

In one country the Senate's action may possibly cause disappointment. By proposing to Poland that a Protocol should be signed bring-

ing the Peace Pact immediately into force between Russia and Poland, M. Litvinoff has secured a diplomatic victory of considerable importance. Already he is able to point out that there is hesitation on the part of M. Zaleski, whereas his replies to the Polish notes are despatched in the space of a few hours. He has even gone to the length of agreeing that Rumania should also sign this Protocol, which means that although he does not abandon his claim to Bessarabia he promises not to further that claim by force of arms. Undoubtedly the Soviet Government has shown this enthusiasm for conciliation procedure partly because of its desire to put Poland and other capitalist nations morally in the wrong. The more important reason, however, is probably the hope of impressing favourably American financiers and industrialists, whose agents are now showing far more interest in Russia than are those of any other country, not excluding Germany.

At the moment of writing there is some uncertainty as to whether Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will himself represent the United States on the new Reparations Committee, but, in any case, the American experts will be men who, like our own British experts, are far more interested in the financial than in the political aspect of reparations.

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This encouraging fact may help to counteract other less favourable news from Paris and Washington. In the French Chamber M. Poincaré a week ago emphasized his firm determination to reject any recommendation which does not fulfil French requirements, and since French requirements are essentially political, it is unlikely that a Committee which has to deal with hard facts will be able to satisfy them. On the other hand, it is stated in Washington that British and French investors will be expected to absorb at least 30 per cent. each of any German reparations bond issue, while the United States would be responsible for the remaining 40 per cent. The acceptance of the Committee's report may take much longer than its preparation.

M. Poincaré during the past ten days has met with one success and one failure. The Radical Party loses no opportunity of stirring up trouble, but, for this very reason, its attacks have not the weight of a concentrated offensive against any particular item in the Government's programme. In the circumstances, M. Poincaré, who is an astute politician, had very little difficulty in obtaining a handsome majority on the ground that, although he had no desire to remain in office, stability of government was as essential now that the reparations problem was to be dealt with as it was a year ago when the franc had still to be stabilized. The serious blow to his prestige is the election in Alsace of two Home Rule Deputies to replace M. Ricklin and M. Rosse, whose mandates had been annulled after the treason trial at Colmar. There could be no more convincing proof that Alsations, however strong their loyalty to France, are not susceptible to measures of oppression. Unless it is frankly recognized that the Colmar trial was a mistake, the problem of Alsatian Home Rule will become one of the gravest of those which France has to face.

The National Farmers' Union passed an ill-advised resolution in conference on Tuesday, which amounted in terms to an ultimatum to the Government. The resolution deplored the Government's lack of help to agriculture and threatened that farmers would withdraw their support from Conservative candidates who do not satisfy their demands. It went further and called for the safeguarding of agriculture (which it must know to be politically impracticable), or failing that for the suspension of all safeguarding and the application meanwhile of the McKenna and safeguarding duties to the subsidizing of arable farming. It is improbable that the Government will take this threat very seriously. Farmers should be realists enough to know that, however just their demands might be, they are as a body too inconsiderable politically for success to come to them through holding a gun to the Government's head.

But there is more in the present circumstances than this. Mr. Baldwin warned them in a recent speech of the dangers of entering actively into the field of politics. What they are suffering from is, to a considerable extent, general to the basic industries of the

country at the present time, and in so far as this is so the cure is the same for them as for the other industries. It is not any lack of sympathy with an extremely hardly-hit class that makes us bid the farmers look inwards rather than outwards for salvation. They will get nothing substantial from Governments, they can get much from themselves; and they can get it by thorough-going reform of their marketing methods on a co-operative basis. The N.F.U. are on far firmer ground when they tackle marketing schemes. They already have plans well in hand for the marketing of several important commodities. It is in the furtherance of these and similar moves that for the immediate future the chief hope of agricultural revival lies.

The Ministry of Labour has done admirably in introducing its practical and well-named scheme of "adoption for employment." In explaining how it will use the £100,000 voted by Parliament to assist married unemployed men to move with their families from the mining districts to areas where employment awaits them, the Ministry describes the free grant for removal and the plan for free removal. But before this assistance can become operative, the unemployed man must be found both work and accommodation for his family. It is here that "adoption for employment" comes in. An appeal is made to all voluntary local bodies to help, and that appeal deserves a speedy and hearty response. Not only charitable organizations or great trade and professional bodies, but church congregations and local societies of all kinds, however small their membership, can help. Here the request is not for money, but for help in finding work and housing, if it be for only one man with a family. The Ministry will meet the cost, prohibitive for a long-unemployed man with a family, of getting him to his job and his new home. The British Legion, the National Council of Social Service, the Federation of Women's Institutes and other bodies have already worked to this end; now is the time for every local group to join in the effort.

The protests against the intentions of the B.B.C. in regard to their new paper, the *Listener*, have had considerable effect. As a result of a conference between the Governors and representatives of the newspaper and printing trades, the B.B.C. announced that they did not propose to publish in any one issue of the *Listener* more than 10 per cent. of original matter unconnected with broadcasting; and, furthermore, that they did not propose to accept more advertisements than were necessary, together with other revenue, to defray the total cost of producing and publishing the paper. These things mean a marked restriction on the scope of the enterprise as it was originally conceived and as it would undoubtedly have been carried into effect had the B.B.C. and the Postmaster-General had their way. Exactly how the undertakings will work out time will show; the scheme will want careful watching. It is extremely difficult to measure with any nicety the boundary between 10 per cent. and 11 per cent.; nor does there seem to be anything in the restriction on advertising to prevent the B.B.C. from publishing issues of a hundred or more pages—

with a correspondingly large amount of advertisements. It will be the business of the committee of newspaper interests, which the B.B.C. have agreed to recognize, to keep an eye on these matters.

While Chinese relations with other Powers improve, the danger of open conflict with Japan appears to increase. The Japanese Concession in Hankow is now barricaded in much the same way as were British concessions and settlements in 1927, and the execution, by the orders of Chang Hsueh-liang, of Generals Yang Yu-ting and Chang Yin-huai, at Mukden, is a serious blow to the Japanese policy in Manchuria, since they were undoubtedly favourably disposed towards Tokio. The latest figures show a capital investment in Manchuria of Japanese money amounting to nearly £157,000,000, while government property there is valued at over £50,000,000. Any attempt by the Chinese Nationalists to deprive the Japanese of their Manchurian interests, notably of their possession of the South Manchuria Railway, might lead to a war, from which Russia, in view of her own interests and ambitions, would not stand aside.

"Out of patriotic and friendly feelings and of his own free will," King Amanullah has abdicated the throne of Afghanistan in favour of his elder brother, Sirdar Inayatullah Khan, and has fled from Kabul. Inayatullah is, in point of fact, the rightful occupant of the throne, which Amanullah succeeded in occupying after the murder of his father, Habibullah, in 1919, and he will certainly have learned from his brother's unfortunate experience that reforms can only be carried out in Afghanistan, as elsewhere, with tact and discretion. It is quite possible that Queen Souriya's Paris dresses have contributed more than anything else to Amanullah's downfall, for nothing so angered the Mullahs as the abolition of the purdah. It is stated that the new King intends to make no changes in foreign policy, but the priesthood is likely to gain so much in prestige as a result of Amanullah's flight that foreign relations will be decided by their dictates and not by the intentions of the new occupant of the throne.

Despite a certain indignation that any neighbouring country should have dared to copy Fascism in declaring a Dictatorship, the Italians have received the news of King Alexander's *coup d'état* in Yugoslavia with commendable calm. Indeed, since the ratification of the Nettuno Conventions, there has been a remarkable improvement in the relations between Rome and Belgrade and there are good prospects that the new Yugoslav Government will succeed in negotiating a treaty of amity with Italy to replace the agreement which, after various prolongations, expires on January 27. Probably the dissolution of the Yugoslav Parliament will also facilitate the conclusion of agreements with Greece, which have been held up by Belgrade since the visit of M. Venizelos there. Thirdly, the composition of the new government inspires considerable confidence in the City and should, therefore, facilitate negotiations for the long-postponed Yugoslav loan. Internally, however, the new regime has not yet acquired popularity and it would not be astonishing if a Serb-

Croat understanding were ultimately to be achieved on the basis of a common desire for a return to the parliamentary system.

How strong inter-communal feeling is in India may be judged, by those who want fresh evidence of it, from the statement just made to the Simon Commission by the Central National Moslem Association. That body requires, among other safeguards, separate Moslem representation, on a population basis, on all Councils, with a minimum of 40 per cent. where Moslems are in a minority, and a proviso that no legislation affecting the religious, social or educational interests of Moslems should be passed if opposed by one-fourth of the Moslems. In addition, as regards the executive, it demands that one-half of every "Cabinet" should be Moslem, and that Moslems should be appointed in proportion to population to all the public services. These demands may or may not go beyond the needs of the Indian situation. The point is that they express the deep-rooted and indeed ineradicable distrust which nine-tenths of Moslems in India feel towards the Hindu majority. The reforms have markedly intensified suspicion, and the larger the measure of self-government given to India the more acute will become the strife between communities.

Whatever there may be to be said for the hereditary principle elsewhere, it cannot be pretended that it is in place when applied to the leadership of a body like the Salvation Army. For that reason, and because the organization handles very large funds and is bound to heed the wishes of its American and certain other overseas supporters, we may approve of the decision it has at last reached regarding its leadership. But it chose for the discussion a time which made argument an unseemly wrangling over a sick-bed; it adopted a ridiculous secrecy; and it prolonged its debate unconscionably. And it is not only for these reasons that it will probably suffer for a while in prestige and purse. The second Booth may not have been at any time the equal of the first, and may now be physically incapable of the full discharge of his responsibilities, but Booth has been a name to conjure with. The Salvation Army has progressed under personal, virtually despotic administration; it cannot suddenly discard that system, with all its defects, without upsetting many of its supporters.

Beyond question, the amount of absolutely genuine unemployment in the country is vast; but every now and then the public learns of unemployment due to the laziness or snobbery of out-of-work young men who will not condescend to tasks involving effort or a slight abatement of their pretensions to gentility. At Harrow it has been found impossible to secure applications for the duties, not exactly romantic, but quite well remunerated, and not excessively arduous, of dustmen. In that this has resulted in opportunities for unemployed miners, we are glad; but what are we to think of the stiff necks and proud stomachs of democratic Harrow? It is by no means impossible that an appeal to the other Harrow would have produced results.

LADY ASTOR'S AMENDMENTS

IN a recent article we stated our opinion that nothing tending to prejudice rapid development in the Maternity and Child Welfare Centres should be admitted into the Local Government Bill. Expenditure upon these services is very small compared with the improvement they are likely to create in vital statistics; indeed, so small that the Government can scarcely argue that it would be surrendering on a question of principle if it accepted Lady Astor's two amendments:

- (1) to omit the Welfare Centres from the operation of the Bill for the first quinquennium; and
- (2) to strengthen the clause to penalize local authorities in default with these services.

If the Government accept both of these amendments the Bill will be decidedly strengthened. In any event in view of the coming election and in view of the new enquiry into the causes of maternal mortality it would be unwise of the Government to do anything which might appear to antagonize the women's vote or in any way to restrict the immediate expansion of health services. A gesture, on this matter, towards progressive Conservative opinion so ardently active in the administration of every individual Welfare Centre would be heartily welcomed by everybody—except by the officials of the Treasury. Unfortunately the parliamentary session is short; the Local Government Bill is complicated; many members of Parliament are indifferent to its contents; and very few people outside the officials of the Treasury and the Ministry of Health are competent to discuss its details. Confusion has therefore arisen of a kind which no one is likely to be at pains to unravel, and of a kind which may very well be taken advantage of by those whose sole interest in these clauses appears to be the simplification of the work imposed upon the Treasury—a very important issue, no doubt, but not the only issue involved.

In our previous plea to Mr. Chamberlain we stressed the importance we attach to the pioneer aspect of Welfare work. Welfare clinics are still pioneer centres dependent for support, to a large extent, upon voluntary pioneer workers and voluntary funds. By many local authorities the work they do is still regarded as unimportant; by some it is regarded with suspicion, and by others it is even disregarded altogether. No national standard of skilled worker in a welfare centre has yet been laid down. There is yet no talk of making attendance at the Welfare Clinics compulsory as is attendance at school; the service is not even yet a statutory one. It is still quite immature; one of those services which are dependent upon close co-operation between the expression of advanced local opinion and the responsible direction of the Ministry of Health. It is by no means ripe for a standardized grant of any kind. It would be a pity if this fundamental aspect of Maternity and Child Welfare work is lost sight of in the confusion which has arisen out of the tendency to consider Lady Astor's amendments jointly

as if they both covered the same fundamental aspect of the Welfare problem.

In truth they deal with two quite separate aspects of Welfare work which it might have been better to have kept rigidly apart. The first amendment to exempt the Welfare Centre from the block grant for the first quinquennium has this feature peculiar to itself: it seeks to encourage rapid development in districts where development has already begun. Its effects would be to continue to encourage the present services to expand; to provide a basis of large scale experience as a guide for future development; to create, under central guidance, a standard of skilled welfare work and of skilled welfare workers. This first amendment does not, of course, cover the case of giving special encouragement to areas of low rateable value. No one ever pretended it did. Nor can anyone seriously allege that the Government formula for block grants solves this aspect of the problem; the effect of the formula will not be felt materially until after the first quinquennium, and not fully until 1945. The Government formula ignores the problem of low rateable value for fifteen years; and even then real pressure and aid can only be brought to the assistance of backward authorities of low rateable value by making the establishment of Welfare Centres a statutory obligation. Apart from Lady Cynthia Mosley and Mrs. Bertrand Russell no one seriously proposes this. Therefore to allege either that (1) an amendment to penalize backward authorities is a serious alternative to a proposal to encourage clinics already developing rapidly or (2) that the Government's proposal is more likely to encourage backward authorities than Lady Astor's first amendment is merely to confuse issues.

Lady Astor's second amendment can scarcely be regarded as equal in importance to her first amendment. It raises no fundamental issue between her and the Ministry of Health. It does not seek to consolidate services already in existence. It merely seeks to strengthen a clause already in the Bill by which the Ministry will be able to penalize local authorities falling below a standard set by the Ministry itself. The amendment, unless it is changed, may even fail to achieve this end, since while defining more clearly the pretext to interference it tends to complicate the procedure by which the Ministry may intervene. Intervention is likely to be rare in any event, and if the action of the Ministry of Health is on each occasion subjected to a public enquiry, intervention is likely to be even rarer. It is by no means certain that Lady Astor will proceed with this part of her second amendment; if she does not her second amendment is reduced to a verbal difference with Mr. Chamberlain which might quite well be accepted by him without discussion, since no serious concession on his part is involved.

But the second clause which Lady Astor seeks to amend incidentally provides a pertinent argument in favour of the temporary retention of the percentage grant for health services. It refers to an inconsistency in the Bill to which Mrs. E. D. Simon has drawn attention. The Bill provides that "the grants paid in respect of maintenance and ordinary improvement of

Class I and Class II roads . . . will continue to be paid out of the Road Fund upon a percentage basis." Why? Because it is deemed necessary to encourage County Councils to incur expenditure where they consider themselves to have no liability. This is precisely one of the incentives which the percentage grant provides in the case of Welfare Work. Why should a local authority be encouraged to build up sound roads rather than sound families? In a recent article we recorded our belief that the national standard of values on such questions would change with the advent of women into politics. We should also like to be able to record our gratitude to Mr. Chamberlain for recognizing this change and for graciously accepting Lady Astor's challenge; we certainly should not like to see Lady Astor compelled to withdraw her amendment. We can see no ground for confusing the import of her two amendments. One is fundamental; the other is not.

WESTERNIZING ISLAM

EX-KING AMANULLAH is not the first reformer who has gone too fast for his own safety, nor is it only reforming kings who find their way rough in Afghanistan. His grandfather, the great Abdurrahman, about whose sound Conservative principles there could be no manner of doubt, lived eleven years in exile; his father, who had no particular views, was assassinated; his uncle, Nasrullah, who was under the thumb of the priests, and a sound Tory, reigned only a few days; and his elder brother, also a sound Tory, who has now succeeded him, ought to have come to the throne before his brother but was kept out of his right by the army.

It would be wrong to draw from Amanullah's deposition the moral that Afghanistan is hopelessly shut against western ideas. A much safer conclusion is that in Afghanistan, as elsewhere, it is not wise to make enemies of every one at the same time. He could have carried his reforms if he had not neglected his army, but he could not safely affront both mullahs and sirdars, bishops and barons, at the same time. The explanation of Amanullah's policy throughout is to be found in what has happened in Turkey. It was the deposition of the old Sultan of Turkey that made him hope at one time that he might succeed to his Caliphate. It was sympathy with Turkey in her downfall that made him attempt his crazy invasion of India in 1919. At this time he was popular with the army and his main interest was to appear as the champion of the Islamic world against the Giaour. When Mustapha Kemal saved Turkey and began his westernizing policy, Amanullah, always a sincere if somewhat flighty believer in progress, followed his example. But he forgot that the Turks have a genius for discipline which the Afghans have not, and that Mustapha is one of those great national heroes who can impose any external changes that he desires simply by virtue of his immense personal prestige. Amanullah made the further mistake of not paying his army when he was attacking the vested interests of the mullahs by his legal reforms and offending every bigot in the country by changes in dress,

by the abolition of the purdah and the unveiling of women, by education, sumptuary regulations, and what not besides. If the eighteenth-century Whigs had seen and admired the twentieth century in another world and sought to bring it about in their own time the Pretender would have recovered the English Crown with ease. Amanullah's failure, therefore, need not lead us to despair of future progress in Afghanistan.

It is an interesting speculation how far civilization will transplant from one part of the world to another, and whether the attempt is worth while. The greater and more valuable part of civilization lies below or exists invisibly in the minds of its people, and this stratum, rich in the fossils of past history, cannot be transplanted. But buses, trains and telephones, the styles of architecture, machines, instruments of destruction, fashions and styles, methods of organization, trousers and top hats—nearly everything that meets the eye of a traveller can be ordered and transported to a new country and there imposed on its people by those who have sufficient power. The lovers of the picturesque may deplore the increasing monotony of the world in the externals of civilization, and the philosopher may despise the whole bag of tricks which we call progress. But after all we have done the same thing ourselves. If an army does particularly well in a war, other armies at once copy the shape of its helmet or cap or the cut of its cloaks; and similarly, Europe having made itself extremely rich and powerful, it is natural that less favoured regions which covet riches and power should imitate what is most easily copied. Moreover, we of all people have the strongest reason for wishing real success to these borrowings. For progress, however we affect to despise it, does create new wants and the attempts to satisfy them adds to the wealth of the world.

One of the wisest despatches ever framed was that in which our Foreign Office two Christmases ago expressed its sympathy with the ambitions of the Chinese Nationalists for their country, and we had our reward in the recently concluded Commercial Treaty. If the personal requirements of four hundred millions of Chinese, owing to the advance of progress among them, became as numerous and exacting as those of forty million Englishmen, it would be the equivalent in its effect on industry to the discovery of a whole new continent of America, and the profit from this new trade might go far to pay off our war losses. The same principle holds good of a more prosperous India or of an Afghanistan developed on its industrial side—by no means a ridiculous notion, for there are no keener traders anywhere than the Afghans. This country, with its enormous interest in new markets, cannot but wish well to all these projects for developing the backward parts of the world. For we grow rich on each other's wealth. Many people have said that their riches consisted not in the abundance of their possessions but in the fewness of their wants, and on philosophical grounds there is much to be said for their view. But it is the arch-heresy for the purpose of international trade.

It is in the realm of ideas that the value of these borrowings of the East from the West have most doubtful value. There is no inherent superiority in institutions as such, but only in the way

in which they are worked, and in their suitability. Democratic and parliamentary government is not necessarily a higher form of policy than any other. It happens to be the best for us because it has its roots deep down in our history and character, and though in these days it is fashionable to sneer at Parliament and predict its decay, we do, whatever its faults may be, know how to work it. But no one now would offer it as a universal prescription for all Europe, still less for all Asia.

Parliamentary government is, after all, only a fashion of dress for political thought, and whether it is the best fashion for any particular country depends on the character of the people, their history, and a dozen other local conditions. It is a just criticism of Eastern progressive politics that the reformers have let themselves be hypnotized by the forms of European advance, rather to the neglect of its spirit. It is particularly disappointing that the Indians have not suggested any forms in which the popular will could find constitutional expression except those which we have put into their heads, for if the success of democracy is still doubtful even in the Mother of Parliaments with its many centuries of history it cannot but be regarded as a dubious experiment in India, whose history has run on such wholly different lines. The greatest enemy of progress in Islam is religion, which sterilizes the education of the orthodox, and when Islam has a university worthy of the name it will mean far more to the world than the adoption of one or other of the devices of Europe's mechanical science or the copy of her political institutions.

But even here, our own system of education is not so perfect that a mere copy of it will bring the desired benefits to Asia. What one would like to see in political as in other thought is Asia developing some new ideas of her own that are not mere copies of something that exists in Europe, but have their roots deep down in its history. It may be that Asia will have to wait as long as Europe before she has her Renaissance. So long as she is a mere copyist, she may indeed acquire wealth and prosperity, and some discovery of new sources of power in greater abundance there than in Europe or America might even transfer the industrial supremacy of the world into her hands. But not until she has a Renaissance of her own will she have a future equal to her past.

HOW NOT TO WIN

THE Conservative Party is in the wrong mood for victory at the polls. *Moral* is the most important ingredient of victory, and Conservative *moral* at the present time is unaccountably low. The huge majority that the party possesses in Parliament seems to be proving too much for it: its very size has had a stunning effect on the opportunities of the private member and has in consequence bred a listlessness which bodes ill for the coming fight. Too many members assume an attitude of fatalism when they come to discuss election prospects; a tone of resignation creeps into their voices: "Anyway, I shall lose my seat," they say. That they will do so may, in some instances, be probable, but there is no need to make the loss certain by entering the fight with their tails down; the general who goes

into battle with his mind made up, before a shot has been fired, that he is going to lose, will as likely as not get his defeat turned into a rout.

An atmosphere of defeatism is the more remarkable, seeing that there is no obvious reason for expecting anything like a landslide. The record of by-elections, the trend of feeling so far as it can be measured in the Press, in the train, in the street, is not by any means overwhelmingly anti-Conservative. Nothing has happened to justify the prophecies of sensational Socialist victories. The Central Office was lately credited with the belief in a Conservative majority of seventy at the polls. If this report was a fiction, no time should have been lost in denying it; if it was a fact, it was an exceedingly harmful admission. What advantage can come of advertising in advance the assumption of losses on such a scale? It is generally supposed that the Government will lose seats, but for the party headquarters to allow it to be taken for granted that they will lose them, and lose them on a wholesale scale, is miserable strategy. It has a damaging effect on the mind of candidates and an even more damaging effect on the mind of the electorate, in whom is created a fatal disposition towards Conservative failure. In politics the proper way to face facts is not necessarily to shake hands with them. The stronger the risk of reverses is, the more determined should be the will to prevail, the more unpromising the assertion of victory.

Unfortunately the spirit of the party has not been enlivened by recent example in high places. The scramble for safe seats has not been edifying. It is perfectly true that a Cabinet Minister's work is arduous and often keeps him away from his constituency, but that is not to say that every Cabinet Minister should be given a "safe" seat. That would be a fatal principle. A Cabinet Minister should have to fight for his seat like anybody else, and should be in danger like anybody else of losing it if his record has been unsatisfactory. It sets a poor example to the rank and file for Ministers to crumple up in the face of opposition and scamper to the nearest funk-hole. There is another side to the matter. The seats abandoned by the mighty have to be fought for by the younger men of the party; it gives them an opportunity which many of them are only too anxious to grasp. But what reward will they receive for success? What encouragement has the young member had in the present Parliament to spend his time and his substance on fighting the battles of his elders and betters? This has been one of the misfortunes of an over-large majority, that with too few exceptions the younger men have been discouraged and kept under. It may be that authority has feared for the effects of a new vintage; at all events, there has been a noticeable tendency to stick to the old bottles and to keep them filled with the old wine. That is not the way to stimulate enterprise among the men on whom the party must rely for its future generalship.

The heads of the party call for youth, and what inducements do they offer? As battle-cry to fire generous young blood the sterile slogan of anti-Socialism. Something more constructive, more inspiring, more urgent than a plain negative must be preached if the battalions of youth are to be recruited to the Conservative cause. The "anti's"

must be thrown overboard. There are rallying-cries enough in the creed and record of the party; let those in authority make full use of them. One other matter: there can never be full efficiency in the lower ranks of the party while young prospective candidates continue to be expected—as in far too many instances they do continue to be expected—to put down any sum up to £1,200 out of their own pockets towards election expenses. The party will never be representative as it could and ought to be until this kind of thing ceases; some of the best brains and most finely-tempered spirits are being lost to it through inability to meet financial requirements. The Conservative Party has plenty of money; it has not, and cannot have, too many brains.

All these things must be put right if the party is to pull its full weight at the polls. It has it in its power to astonish its detractors; if it should fail, it will be for want of inspiration.

THE NEW DICTATORSHIP

THE setting up of a royal dictatorship had been talked about as a possibility for some years past in Yugoslavia. What delayed it was the inherent dislike of the Yugoslav people for anything savouring of a dictatorship or a military regime—a traditional attachment to democratic forms and political liberties shared by King Alexander himself. It was with extreme reluctance that King Alexander decided upon the abolition of parliamentary government. He took this step only when all the parliamentary means for arriving at a solution of the internal Yugoslav problem had been essayed without avail, and it was clear that the professional politicians were incapable of rising above a narrow particularism inspired by party and personal political motives. He found himself faced with two alternatives: to let things drift at the expense of the internal welfare and the external prestige of the country, or to impose a solution over the heads of the politicians, and thus restore internal order and maintain external prestige. He had the courage to decide upon the second and more difficult course.

The events which led up to the chaotic situation to end which the royal intervention was necessary were, briefly, as follows. Ever since the union of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes in the Yugoslav Kingdom there had been a clash between the point of view of the Serbs and the peoples of the one-time Austro-Hungarian provinces. This dispute was the more sharply defined between the Serbs and Croats. The former stood for an administration centralized at Belgrade; the latter wanted decentralization. The Croats hated the Vidovdan Constitution (which King Alexander has now abolished along with the parliament), which was based upon Serbian centralism. The fault for this has to be shared mutually between Belgrade and Zagreb. The Serbs set up a constitution which ignored the Croatian point of view, but the Croats made this possible by their abstention at the time from the work of constitution-making. Similarly, in the years which followed, the Croats had a legitimate grievance, inasmuch as the Serbs filled the public services mostly with their own nominees; but the Croats cannot escape blame for the fact that this was rendered possible largely by their continued abstention from the political life of the capital.

This situation continued for years—a long drawn-out story of narrow-mindedness on the part of Belgrade and middle-mindedness on the part of Zagreb. For the Serbian politicians showed no signs of widening their political horizon and the Croats—whose demands

ranged at different times from mild expedients, such as decentralization, to wild schemes, such as Federalism—always had a clearer idea of what they did not want than of what they did want. It was a situation which might have gone on indefinitely but for the quickening of the pace which took place on June 20 last year, when a Montenegrin deputy of the Serb Radical Party, Runecha Ratchitch, fired on the Croatian leaders in the Skupstina, fatally wounding Stephan Raditch, the Croatian Peasant leader, and his nephew, Paul Raditch.

Smouldering passions then burst into flame. The Peasant Democratic Coalition (the Raditch Croats and their allies, the followers of M. Pribitchevitch, a Serb from Croatia, and a one-time Serbian centralist who passed over to the Croatian opposition for personal political reasons) sequestered themselves in Zagreb and demanded the resignation of the Vukitchevitch cabinet, the dissolution of the Skupstina and new elections. These demands were refused by M. Vukitchevitch and his friends. The Vukitchevitch cabinet fell in due course and was followed by a cabinet composed of all parties, with the exception of the Peasant Democratic Coalition, under the premiership of Father Korochetz, the leader of the Slovene Clericals.

Two weeks ago M. Matchek, the leader of the Peasant Democratic Coalition, came to Belgrade, in response to the invitation issued by the King to all the party leaders. He and his ally, M. Pribitchevitch, demanded Federalism. This was rejected by the other parties. He then modified his terms and asked for the appointment of a neutral government, with a view to paving the way for a new constitution. The King asked the government to consider this proposal. It did, but rejection was again the result. Then it was that King Alexander, realizing that compromise between the various opposed points of view was impossible within the scope of the existing parliamentary machinery, suddenly abolished the parliament and the constitution, and put in its place a royal dictatorship assisted by a non-parliamentary government composed of his own friends, and under the premiership of General Zhivkovitch, the Commander of the Royal Guards Division.

The first task of this government is the setting up of a workable and efficient administration. Among the immediate reforms promised are unification of laws, a law respecting the penal code and procedure, amendments of the law respecting officials, and measures against political corruption. It is also understood that a scheme of administrative decentralization is being worked out by the new regime. In the meantime the old party divisions are being dissolved. The second task of the new regime, the working out of a new constitution designed to meet the needs of the country as a whole while at the same time taking into account the different requirements of the various provinces, will come later, after the more immediate reforms have been carried out. There appears to be a general impression that the dictatorship will last some three years.

One thing is certain: and that is the absolute integrity and honesty of the motives actuating the King's endeavour. If in the actual functioning of the new regime there is evidence of something not up to the standard of the King's general endeavour, this, in fairness, must be attributed not to any fault on the part of His Majesty but to the methods of some of the human instruments of the royal governance. Any apprehensions on this score—and there is no denying that numerous psychological mistakes have already been committed, as is shown by a series of minor events in Croatia—are at present of less moment than the good intentions and high courage with which King Alexander is facing the difficult task he has set himself to accomplish.

The future is difficult to read. There are, however, grounds for believing that there is a sporting chance of King Alexander successfully realizing his project of a united and contented Yugoslavia. For one thing, he fully realizes that failure might well mean *après lui le deluge*. He also knows that the greater part of European diplomacy regards a strong and united Yugoslavia as a necessity to Europe; and that if he fails to reorganize Yugoslav internally his country may well miss the tide internationally. He is equally esteemed by Serb, Croat and Slovene. He has the confidence of Zagreb no less than of Belgrade. Given a lead by the King, there is no reason to doubt that the inherent good qualities of the Yugoslav people will pull them through the present crisis to better and happier conditions, especially now that they are no longer hampered by a parliamentarianism which had degenerated from democracy to demagoguery, from government to mere political obstructionism.

As for the actual form the new state organization will take, Federalism may be ruled out as impracticable. It is a nice word to play with on paper, but its actual application to Yugoslavia would be ill-advised and even dangerous. Decentralization would probably meet the case, and it is this at which the King is believed to be aiming.

If King Alexander can succeed in restoring harmony in Yugoslavia—and there seems to be no reason why he should not—then he will go down to posterity as a greater than Stephan Raditch to the Croats and a greater than Tsar Douchan to the Serbs.

BONÆ SUB REGNO VICTORIÆ

By T. EARLE WELBY

I HAVE been faithful to thee, Victoria, in my fashion. *Non sum qualis*; the world has altered since you died; new sins are in vogue, and only the elders whose hair has uncured ever sigh now for absinthe. But the operation of time is equitable, and if no poet of the 'nineties is now valued for his familiarity with absinthe and the alcove, none is morally reproached on those accounts. The case for the defence does not read excitingly now, but the case for the prosecution has become positively tedious.

Sir William Watson was probably the weightiest witness for the prosecution, with his taunt that he had not paid the world "the evil and the insolent courtesy" of offering it his "baseness as a gift." But the question between him and those other poets was not quite what he supposed: it was the question of a recognized, estimable, formal gift or one which, whatever might be said against it, was distinctively the donor's. The portraits of himself which Sir William Watson has given the world are like too many of the portraits done by Watts. The real man is there somewhere, but involved in the too ample folds of a ready-made dignity. Reticence here, generalization in a manner above the occasion there, and everywhere a dread of what would date the picture or seem too slight for the National Gallery have resulted in 'Portrait of a Poet' rather than 'Portrait of Sir William Watson.' To be sure, Sir William Watson was not alone in his period in using the garb of ceremony. What is Lionel Johnson, a scholar and priest of poetry rather than in the full sense a poet, if not ceremonious? But with Lionel Johnson the vestments are really expressive, of his strictly characteristic aspiration if not always of what he was; just as the elaborate and precise lies he told, without varying a word even when completely drunk, about the conversations he had never had with eminent or saintly personages were expressive of experiences to which he was entitled. We are all, or all except the

luckiest of us, the paying guests of a Barmecide, and such a man as Lionel Johnson differs from us only, and for the better, in at least choosing for himself the dishes and the wines that will not be there instead of acquiescing in the honey-dew and milk of Paradise which are the table d'hôte of the unperforming patron. Lionel Johnson, not least in his lies, gives us himself. And so does Ernest Dowson, whose Horatian and Propertian symbols were only part of his shy, well-bred way of telling his secrets without embarrassing himself or his audience.

Looking through the well-edited and charmingly-produced anthology* which Mr. A. J. A. Symons, the bibliographer and bibliophile, has made, it is impossible not to be impressed by the truth that the best poets of the 'nineties wrote neither as if for a committee of anthologists, which used to be considered wise, nor as if for the traditionless, which is now considered very clever. I am impressed also by another truth, that they wrote in the sense one painter will say of another that he paints. For a contrast, look at our Mr. Masefield, who has so many striking gifts, and is so excellently adventurous, and who can never keep at the one distance from life through the one poem, having apparently persuaded himself that Spenser and Zola are possible collaborators. But it is not necessary to come down to the present day. As ill-luck would have it, the poet of the 'nineties who had the broadest and most urgent impulse, John Davidson, lacked just those qualities which distinguished Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson, Mr. Arthur Symons. He had a remarkable personality and rare talents, but was always trying on styles, and even what is probably his chief success, 'A Runnable Stag,' is an amalgamation of the stock hunting ballad, by Whyte Melville or another, with Poe, an unrepeatable *tour de force*, not the discovery of a basis for a style of his own. By further ill-luck, the most uplifted, in a sense the most inspired, poet of the period, Francis Thompson, wasted himself for the most part in trying to write at once like two masters so incompatible in everything but religion as Crashaw and Coventry Patmore. But those others, whatever the purely poetic value of their poems, were writers of rare skill, of a scrupulousness rarer in our literature.

I am not sure, however, that the point cannot be better made with reference to smaller and less persistent writers of verse. It is not by sheer luck that so many of the contributors to Elizabethan song-books wrote each one or two lovely songs; that a Court rake of the Restoration would manage once or twice in his life of busy idleness to do what no one of the Prince Regent's boon companions could do; that during part of the eighteenth century every fifth man in a company of gentlemen could point to a set of good album verses. Such phenomena testify to a state of affairs in which literary good breeding is part of the ideal of conduct among all the members of a class or clique, whether at Court or with no more royalty than the Café provided in the 'nineties. Look, then, at the trifle by Mr. Victor Plarr, which Mr. A. J. A. Symons, remedying a discreditable neglect, has included in his collection:

Stand not uttering sedately
Trite oblivious praise above her!
Rather say you saw her lately
Lightly kissing her last lover.

Whisper not, "There is a reason
Why we bring her no white blossom":
Since the snowy bloom's in season
Strow it on her sleeping bosom:

Oh, for it would be a pity
To o'erpraise her or to flout her:
She was wild, and sweet, and witty—
Let's not say dull things about her.

* 'An Anthology of "Nineties" Verse.' By A. J. A. Symons. Mathews and Marot. 7s. 6d.

The rendering of light pathos, of light love, of ephemeral and artificial beauty, with a fine concern for fidelity to the experience, slight or perverse as it may have been, that was part of the work of the typical poets of the 'nineties, and it was a real service. For poetry is always in danger of being dominated by respectable, capable, serious writers with large, imperfectly realized themes and that rhetoric which imposes on all but the best judges.

The worth of the poetry of the 'nineties can be well enough estimated from the anthology. I think its editor should have included H. P. Horne and Mr. Selwyn Image, scholarly and decorative craftsmen in verse, having a good deal in common with Lionel Johnson. I think, too, that he would have done better by Lord Alfred Douglas, whose collected verse[†] has recently appeared, if he had printed, in addition to the fine sonnets, that lament of the man who, having forsaken Apollo for Christ, seeks in vain to revert, and 'Perkin Warbeck,' which in its expression of an artistic self-pity is comparable for a moment, I will dare to say, with so great a thing as 'Richard II.' Then, I must regret encouragement of the old view of Mr. Arthur Symonds, which might have been corrected by printing the poignant 'Crying of Water' and that piece, 'At Tarragona,' in which the burden of identity is apprehended in so novel and subtle a way:

If I could know but why this care
Is mine and not the care of man . . .
Why, knowing not from whence I came,
Nor why I seek I know not what,
I bear this heavy separate name
While winds and waters bear it not.

Lastly, though I think the inclusion of the finest poet of the period, Mr. Yeats, has no spiritual justification, I can only wonder that in drawing on him the editor ignored the one thing perfectly pertinent, that elegy on these very poets:

You faced your ends when you were young,
'Twas wine or woman or some curse.

But his book will vindicate the 'nineties as an epoch in which the typical poets, small though most of them were, could at least write and did at least write out of their searchingly discriminated experience. For myself, but this is sentimentality and no longer criticism, I will even spend a sigh on the substance or pretext of their work. Absinthe, I protest, is almost as old-world and romantical as mead or metheglin, and I find a charming simplicity in the picture of the Café waiters flickering to and fro. O my Beardsley and my Dowson long ago! They have put an organ in your Café now. *Non sumus*; new gods are crowned in the city; they have conquered, the swart Gadareans; yet I kneel not, neither adore, but standing look to the end.

AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

LAST Saturday afternoon I visited Madame Tussaud—and hardly recognized her. My recollections of the old place are of a dingy building, a place with a mournful railway waiting-room atmosphere and not many patrons. The new building is very gay, and, what is more astonishing, it is well patronized. There was a crowd of us last Saturday afternoon, and I for one could only catch a glimpse of the heads of the present Royal Family, so dense was the loyal throng in front of this group. When I first entered the Grand Hall, I saw there, all round the room—two sets of people staring at one another.

The only difference was that the set lower down, with their backs towards me, made little movements, turned their heads and nudged one another, whereas the other set kept perfectly still. This first crazy glimpse was easily the best thing the exhibition had to offer me. For when I say that I hardly recognized Madame and that she is now quite gay, I refer only to the actual building and its decorations (though I might also include the five girls in black-and-white who form a rather desperate little orchestra), and not to the exhibits. These are just the same, except that perhaps the new bright building makes them look all the more curious.

There is something sinister about wax. No wonder wax figures play such a notable part in black magic. It is the ideal medium for the effigies of murderers. The actual craftsmanship in this image-making is very good, but it is given a sinister twist by the evil substance. I have no doubt whatever that M. Tussaud and his assistants have a genuine admiration for the subjects of their art, and believe they are doing honour to them by making these effigies. Nevertheless I could understand a stranger who insisted that there is deadly satire behind this show of figures in the Grand Hall. Here are all our kings and dictators and statesmen and generals and powerful ecclesiastics, and they are terrifying. These are the Baldwins and Winston Churchills and Chamberlains of Moscow. As you creep past these staring rows, you are not surprised we have already had one Great War and several revolutions; indeed, you are astonished that Europe has not been utterly destroyed. There are wrinkles here that could plot the destruction of millions. Even Jack Hobbs looks as if he had put away an umpire or two in his time.

There is a literary corner. "Oo's tha' in the chair?" a little boy in front of me enquired. "That's Tickenss," his mother told him. "We got hiss bookss atome." I wonder how many visitors will buy the works of the modern authors after seeing their images in that corner. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in a very neat light grey lounge suit, is smiling sardonically. I must confess he looks at home there. The eyebrows and spectacles of Mr. Kipling are admirable. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle looked faintly ectoplasmic, and Sir Oliver Lodge looked so patriarchal that I felt he would have been happier, science or no science, in one of the earlier historical tableaux in the next room. Hardy gave the impression that the President of the Immortals had won the last trick—by cheating. A horrible lumpy face at the back, bulging out of a curiously unconvincing collar and tie, turned out to be Mr. H. G. Wells. He is described in the catalogue as a "vigorous critic of the existing social order." This Wells looks as if he did his criticizing with an axe. It must be queer to sit at home, a comfortable, pink, and sprightly human being, and know that all the time this other sinister self is standing and staring balefully in the Grand Hall. Suppose it came to visit you in the middle of the night—moving slowly and stiffly across the bedroom to waken you with a touch of its waxen hand?

There were not many people in the Hall of Kings. Evidently the interest in Plantagenets and Tudors is not what it was in the Marylebone Road. The most impressive figure there is

[†] 'The Complete Poems of Lord Alfred Douglas.' Secker. 10s. 6d.

Henry VIII, whose head is colossal and straight out of a nightmare. Has papistry been at work here? The Hall of Tableaux upstairs attracted more attention than the kings. The Tussaud view of history is that it is at best a dark business, an affair of dim red lights and fierce bearded faces. Even the most innocent subject was touched with the macabre. The announcement to Queen Victoria of her accession demands almost idyllic treatment; the young girl standing in her dressing gown, with the Archbishop and Lord Conyngham kneeling before her. But once again the wax has had its own sinister way; and you would swear that the two men you see there are a couple of potential murderers and that the girl herself is about to stamp her foot and release a trap-door that will swallow them both.

There were plenty of us in the Chamber of Horrors. I visited it once before, years ago, and it did not seem greatly changed when I saw it again the other afternoon. On the whole my sympathies are with the good lady I overheard saying to her husband and his friend: "Look here, don't stay too long down here." What a queer immortality those poor animals and lunatics have arrived at in that dim cellar! There is a glass case in which some odds and ends, a cigar box, pencils, and so forth, once the property of George Joseph Smith, who drowned his wives in the bath, are treasured. Even one of the very baths is there. If these murderers had souls, if they are now spirits and are allowed to go where they will, then they must flock every Saturday to this Chamber, for when they were not mere brutes they were nearly all men of a vanity so overweening that it left them crazed. Do you imagine that their ghosts are indifferent to this grim glory of the extra sixpence and the special chamber, the numbers and the catalogued description? Vanity and egoism drove them to commit murder, and when a hand fell on their shoulders and the dock loomed before them, they thought at first they had failed. But no, they had succeeded, succeeded beyond their dreams. The crowds outside the court, the columns of descriptions and comment, the photographs—and now, when millions of good men have been forgotten and all their belongings gone to the dustbin, they keep their state, are immortal in the Marylebone Road, where the very fire that melted whole dynasties above left their effigies and relics untouched.

Some people believe that nothing in the world is dumb. Our sticks and stones, they say, confide their experiences to the spirit within us. Everybody—even the densest of us—has felt at some time or other that a certain old house or room had an evil atmosphere. Then what about these assembled relics of murder? Are they still whispering, out of their own agony, to the souls of the curious spectators? I was wondering about this, the other afternoon down there, when suddenly, without any previous warning, there came one loud deep note of a bell—a horrible sound. Everyone jumped about six inches into the air. It was, I suppose, the old Toll Bell from Newgate that had given tongue. I know that for one wild moment I had a vision of the whole beastly place coming to life; the murderers stretching, yawning, fixing their eyes on us, then slowly advancing; the hangmen's ropes twitching and curling;

the guillotine rising and falling; the treadmill revolving; while that monstrous bell went tolling, tolling. All that did happen, however, was that the attendant, who was learned in murder—"my books tells me," he always said—began a little lecture tour of the figures. His favourite phrase was "the wily eye." I heard about the "wily eye of Justice 'Awkins" and the "wily eye of the Austrians," and I have no doubt that if I had listened carefully to all that he had to say I could have made an amusing character out of him. But I did not stay long enough; I sought the open air; and though it was only the air of the Marylebone Road at the dusk of a heavy winter day, it really did seem very open indeed, most pleasantly sweet to the nostrils.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

SIR,—Your Channel tunnel article of January 5 was excellent. Why is it that the "popular" Press, in goading for this measure, so completely manages to miss the points that really matter? Their argument seems to be threefold: that the tunnel will clinch the "Come to Britain" movement, that it will be a rare unemployment panacea, and that great commercial good, with resultant betterment of international relations (!), must ensue. One could lightly challenge each of these advance claims. So long as British weather and British hotels, not to say the centuries-ingrown British attitude towards the foreigner are what they are (and I don't know that this last is so bad a thing, the "certain aloofness") one fears there will have to be incessant and prolonged whistling for tourists on the French and Italian scale. Nor is the present ruination of the countryside tending to improve matters. As you say, it is more than doubtful whether hundreds of thousands of foreigners are to-day holding back from visiting England from fear of the crossing.

As for the "get-there-quickly" complex, the argument that the tunnel is now too late, that the Air Travel Age will be upon us ere dividends can be paid on the £29,000,000 cost of boring, has been capitably put by Mr. Valentine Williams. As regards the unemployment argument, one gathers that the tunnel would employ 12,000 (some say 24,000) for three years if the French allowed all the labour to be British. There are 1,500,000 unemployed—and they look like being so for much longer than three years. Nor does one seem to hear much of the decline of the channel ports and of the Merchant Service, which must inevitably follow on the appearance of a successfully-operating tunnel. One imagines that many more than 12,000 or 24,000 would be thrown permanently out of work with the tunnel's appearance. As for the alleged commercial benefits, judging by the alacrity with which foreign countries are waiting to turn the first sod, I have grave doubts whether Britain would be the chief beneficiary—rather that Free Trade England would be further used as a dumping ground. This brings me to the best point you made, namely: Would not the tunnel commit us definitely to military entanglements with France (or some other continental Power) in any future war? I have not seen this point made before, and the answer appears to be inevitably in the affirmative. We suffered dreadfully and unneces-

sarily through being tied to the heels of French strategy during the last war. The French want this tunnel because it would be commercially a sound proposition for them (also individually because they do not brave the sea like others) and because they reckon that in the long years the existence of this altered geography would lessen and finally extinguish England's sea-mindedness and modify her national character, hitherto redolent of the sea. France wants England to think ever more and more continentally, and to use this tunnel as a tentacle of propaganda to that end. It is laughable how those very papers which always have the biggest "down" on France fail to wax suspicious at that country's ardour for a tunnel. Yet France has done precious little since 1918 to warrant our making any further presentations to her. To conclude, in a recent number of the *Sphere* I dealt with what you would call the sentimental elements involved. The sea is a glorious episode for most people in getting away on holiday. Don't let us pander to the modern speed milksops who would have us believe that English, Irish, Scots and Welsh spend their Channel hours leaning over the side. But the main argument "against" remains psychological—the inevitable decline of sea-mindedness, and of air-mindedness (i.e., in national character built up so largely on the 21 miles between Dover and Calais) that must ensue upon any alteration of that natural geography.

I am, etc.,

Paris

FERDINAND TUOHY

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE BLOOD

SIR,—You will, I hope, permit me to congratulate you and your contributor, "Quaero," upon the interesting article in your columns last week headed 'The Chemistry of the Blood.' It is encouraging to see the lay Press informing its readers with such clarity upon questions about which there is still much confusion or ignorance.

Particularly important is the stress which your contributor lays upon calcium deficiency, from which so many people at present suffer. May I add here that this is especially so in the case of children, hundreds of thousands of whom, debarred through poverty, either by life in the sunless slums or from inaccess to good food containing vitamin D, become rickety and usually suffer for the rest of their lives? It is, indeed, now abundantly clear that since we have discovered the remedy almost at the same time as the gravity of calcium deficiency and its enormous extent, the scourge of wasting disease should, within a measurable period, be entirely removed from our midst. For it can be, and it will be, just as soon as public opinion is enlightened to press upon the administration the necessity of starting from the foundations; by which I mean, of course, in the schools and dispensaries of the country.

In this connexion I would like to add a word concerning "Quaero's" remark that "the startling discoveries [of] the physiological importance of the vitamins" has led to what he describes as their "not unnatural commercial exploitation." From my own knowledge of the vitamin D element called ostelin, I cannot help feeling that this phrase is not quite a happy one. As a matter of fact, its vitamin D content is now physiologically standardized, for the discoverer of the process by which it is produced, when disposing of his rights, prepared the most elaborate safeguards which the makers have to accept and observe before the element becomes available to the medical profession, and ultimately to the public.

It would be unfortunate, indeed, if the value of the informing article by "Quaero" were in any sense

diminished by creating in the minds of the community the notion that this element, which may be prescribed for them, is merely a matter of commercial exploitation.

I am, etc.,

GEORGE A. GREENWOOD

57 Stanhope Gardens,
South Kensington, S.W.7

THE IRISH STATESMAN.

SIR,—The *Irish Statesman* is the only Irish weekly which combines an independent survey of public affairs with the informed and authoritative criticism of Irish scholarship, literature and art. In discharging this public function a severe and searching review, by a proved scholar, of a recent publication has exposed the writer and editor to an action for libel in which matter of such intricate and technical nature was submitted to the jury that the trial of the action ran into a third week, and made necessary the production of the highest expert evidence at home and abroad. Witnesses attended in defence of the paper and its reviewer of the high character and authority of Sir Richard Terry, Mr. Herbert Hughes, Mr. Martin Freeman, Mr. Arthur Darley, Professor Osborn Bergin, Professor O'Rahilly, Mr. Ristead O'Foghluha and Mr. Denis Cox.

The defendants' costs of the trial will not be less than £2,500; and this expenditure, which has been forced upon the paper as much in the public interest as in its own, jeopardizes its existence. If the *Irish Statesman* goes down under this sudden and exceptional burden an instrument of high utility to the country perishes. Criticism is of the essence of scholarship: if the incessant and, where necessary, rigorous testing of each fresh contribution to Irish thought and scholarship in all departments be not courageously maintained, there can be no advance in scholarship or science, and our country will stagnate.

Believing this, and confident that it is most undesirable to permit an independent weekly of the standing of the *Irish Statesman* to go out of existence, the signatories to this letter, representing divergent opinions in Ireland, appeal to the thinking public to join them in coming to the aid of the paper and the reviewer by helping to defray part of their costs.

We are, etc. (Signed):

RT. HON. MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE
SENATOR THE COUNTESS OF DESART
LADY GREGORY

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

ROBERT LYND

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

DERMOD O'BRIEN, P.R.H.A.

SENATOR THE RT. HON. ANDREW

JAMESON, P.C.

THOMAS BODKIN, M.R.I.A.

(Director National Gallery, Dublin)

SENATOR S. L. BROWN, K.C.

R. LLOYD PRAEGER, D.Sc.

PROFESSOR EDMUND CURTIS, M.A.

PROFESSOR OSBORN BERGIN, Ph.D.

PROFESSOR R. M. HENRY, M.A.

LOUIS C. PURSER

R. J. P. MORTISHED

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

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90 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

INDIAN REALITIES

SIR,—Your article on India in a recent issue interested me very much. While I was serving with an Indian Pack Battery in Palestine I had several talks with the Pay Havildar, a well-educated Mussulman from the Jhelum river, about the Montagu reforms. He said that, first, the East essentially needed autocratic not democratic rule. Regarding the examinations for the Army and Civil Service, he said that only Bengalis, etc., would take the trouble. The better castes were too busy on their farms or military work.

I am, etc.,

A. MEYRICK-JONES

14 Richmond Park Road,
East Sheen, S.W.14

A REALLY GOOD FAKE

SIR,—I am grateful to Mr. Baumann for telling me that the letter from which I quoted on page 162 of my recent 'Confessions of an Incurable Collector' is, though based upon known facts that I wished to emphasize, a brilliant pastiche printed in the SATURDAY REVIEW nine years ago. I regret my error and the seeming rudeness of my not acknowledging its source, which was unknown to me. In 1920 I was away from London and this extract, closely cut out, was sent me by a fellow-collector equally deceived. I can now do no more than apologize.

As to the less essential and more personal parts of Mr. Baumann's letter, I hope I may make these good-humoured protests: that my volume is not "a book to warn gulls against fakes," as only nine pages of a big guinea volume are given to a chapter on Fakes, in which no futile hints are given on a matter of mere experience; that I never claimed to be an "historian" (in fact disclaimed it on page 13), merely an antique-collector, so that I see no ripe fun in being mistaken about a modern-printed letter and shall remain smiling till someone sells me an actual faked document, when I will let Mr. Baumann crow; that I can find no word anywhere to justify his belief that I conveyed "the impression that I had had private access 'to the actual letter'"; and finally that, when he perorates, "If Mr. Desmond Coke really thought that there was a family called Mousehold in Norfolk in 1775, his authority as an antiquary, or historian or man of letters is a little damaged," I easily evade this triple damnation, for as a Derbyshire man I never heard the name of Mousehold till this moment, though I now welcome it with glee. I do not feel that the second pastiche—with Mousehold, K.B.E., of 1775—can have been as subtle as the first. It would not have deluded even so poor an historian as myself.

It is obvious, however, that in future I must keep to either fiction or Antiques.

I am, etc.,

DESMOND COKE

5 Connaught Place,
Hyde Park, W.2

SIR,—Mr. Desmond Coke has written to me, as well as to you, so he tells me, to complain of my saying that the parts of his book, which I admitted that I had only "skimmed" and dipped into, were not "informative." The complaint is just, and the rebuke deserved. I ought not to have gone outside my brief, which was the chapter on "fakes," to dismiss with a depreciatory word the patient and elaborate work of a writer of established reputation.

After posting my letter to you, some days after, I did read Mr. Coke's book through, and gathered a great deal of most interesting information about Rowlandson, silhouettes, and rolled pictures. It appears that Mr.

Coke has devoted no small slice of his literary life to the study and collection of Rowlandson's caricatures and of silhouettes, on which, by the way, Mr. A. M. Samuel is also an authority, vide the 'Mancroft Essays.' Conscientious and comprehensive literary work is so rare in these days that I regret having flippantly disparaged what I had not properly read.

The truth is that Mr. Coke and I have both sinned from the too common vice of all publicists, that of being in a hurry. We neither of us verified our references. I was writing to be in time for your press day, and Mr. Coke had, no doubt, a time contract with his publisher, which induced him to incorporate without inquiry an extract supplied by a friend.

Let it be a lesson to both of us to verify our references, as well as our deferences, as a witty friend of mine said. I hope Mr. Desmond Coke will be satisfied by this withdrawal of an unwarranted comment upon a work that has added to my information, as I hope it may do to a wide circle of readers.

I am, etc.,

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN

THE THEATRE

IS ZAT ZOLA?

BY IVOR BROWN

Thérèse Raquin. By Emile Zola. Acted by Mr. Grein's French Players at the Arts Theatre Club.
Thou Shalt Not. A film of the same, produced by M. Feyder. Avenue Pavillon.

THERE was a curious wave of Zolaism (perhaps Zolatry is the neater word) in London this week. 'Thérèse Raquin' was given in French on Sunday by Mr. Grein's players; it was the play of the week (in English) at Kew, and it was (under the tawdry title of 'Thou Shalt Not') the film of the week at the most interesting of London cinemas, the Avenue Pavillon. Mr. Gollancz, I notice, is to publish shortly a new full-length study of Zola seen amid his contemporaries from Dumas to Clemenceau. Are we to suppose that naturalism is coming back, that expressionism is exploded for a while, and that screen-stuff and play-stuff whose contents are mainly cubic have begun to bore even the creators of shocks for art's sake and the devotees of the divine rhomboid?

It is indeed amusing to find the advanced young people bringing out their superlatives to honour M. Feyder's film. For what is this sombre picturing of bourgeois tragedy but Manchester school transferred to celluloid? The bright young people have recently been most indignant whenever Manchester pudding was served; they banged their spoons on the table and kicked and raged and said that such dull slops were not for them. No more *tranche de vie*; let there be rather *bombes fantastiques*, cabaret pudding *au Caligari*, anything but these stale bread and butter slabs of realism. It used to be the chief complaint against the naturalists that they confused the easel with the camera; to call realism "photographic" was to deliver the grand slam. And now, with the kinema applied to realistic Zola, we have in an absolutely literal sense photographic realism. And the left-wing gentry, forgetting all about the erstwhile importance of being abstract, queer, and quadrilateral, are delighted! Yet people talk as if inconstancy were the perquisite of politicians and lovers only! Frailty, thy name is high-brow.

Mr. Grein's Players, of whom the English members obviously succeeded in speaking better French than the Frenchmen, cleverly performed this

veteran drama. The little husband whom Thérèse helps to kill was played with such engaging charm by Mr. Emlyn Williams while M. de Warfaz was always so sinister as Laurent, his assassin and successor, that one did not feel the probability of Thérèse's acceptance of the rival and of the murder. In the film the husband has a touch of nastiness; he belongs to the small fry of lechery, as well as of commerce; he is a mean as well as a pathetic mannikin. The lover Laurent is by contrast, and at the beginning, a large, blithe Henry Ainleyish figure; it is only as his passion grows, as the crime is committed, and the haunting terrors descend that we see cruelty and panic distort his once friendly smile. The facial play in this film is admirable; Mdlle. Manes, who presents Thérèse, has extraordinary plasticity; constantly I wondered whether this was the same girl I had seen five minutes ago. She begins as the dull, pretty shop-girl, who is little more than a handsome dummy; then desire kindles her mask; from the new vitality to viciousness is another step; sensuality and cruelty peep out, and finally it is no longer the flashy beauty of Mean Street but a despairing slattern who does the deed which ends all other deeds.

In the stage performance by Mdlle. Chouvy we did not get the variety. That was no fault of her acting, which was excellent. There is not the opportunity for it. In a play the character's mask must be determined for each act; gradations of aspect changing from week to week cannot be shown and the extreme fluidity of character-drawing which the kinema's technique permits is impossible. None the less her rendering was amply good enough to show that the stage play, if not bungled, will always be more moving than the film by reason not only of the added potency of the voice (which the "speakers," at present so crude, may one day rival), but also because of the direct communication with an audience. It is surely most significant that the so-called "silent-drama" never dares to be really silent. No popular film is ever shown "cold," i.e., without music. The film-star has to have his atmosphere prepared for him by orchestral gurgitations and ditherings; he knows that, unless the feelings of the audience are somehow kindled by external means of combustion, he may be only a chilly shadow on a chilly screen. The music is the substitute for the magnetic quality of the actor who is present; as a rule it is, like most substitutes, tiresome and futile. The more the organ played up to the captions of 'Thou Shalt Not' (some of which captions are quite unworthy of the excellent photography) the less moved was I and the more did I remember the quiet, little performance at the Arts Theatre Club, freed from entangling alliances with cat-gut and powerful brass and interpreting the intensity of Zola's vision of suburban evil without fuss or clamour or over-emphasis.

The art of the film, as I know it, is always fussy; it dawdles in its love of self-display. Nobody ever shouted so loud as the silent dramatist. I know that there are reasons for the repetitions and bellowings and pompous obviousness of the kinema. The playwright, working for a comparatively small and special audience, knows roughly what they know and he writes for a certain type of intelligence and sensibility. But the maker of films has to consider the whole world as his market; it is not only that he must cater for the Argentines, the Portuguese, and the Greeks; there are the Chinese coolies, and the hinds of the American hog-and-bible-belt. That is why he must go so slow and spin everything out. Infant minds will be wrestling with these images. M. Feyder's film is pleasantly free from this nuisance of repetition, but not entirely free. The murder on the Seine was beautifully done, but

the arrival of the "Shadow" (i.e. panic-stricken conscience) revealed an attack of film-fever and the visions of the murdered man were quite banal attempts to bludgeon the emotions. In the hands of most film-producers I admit that the Shadow would have been infinitely more solid and more silly; while praising M. Feyder for his moderation, I suggest that Zola's play, if it were really well produced, would give a finer sense of terror and remorse than anything the tricks of the camera-trade can achieve. After all, it is the words and not the witches which make us shudder for that larger murderer, Macbeth.

One last point. The dumbness of Madame Raquin (effectively played by Mdlle. Alive Grévin) is bound to be drastically eloquent on the stage; in the silent drama it naturally passes for almost nothing. The part is finely portrayed in the film but the horror of the old woman's accusing silence is lost, which is simply one more proof that if you limit the actor by taking away his chief means of expression you proportionately limit the play. The stage-actor may win by subtlety or beauty of voice; in this case the victory is won by having no voice at all. To this effect the kinema can have no reply, unless it be to put another shilling in the orchestral slot and churn out music more loudly and more So-ho-soulfully than ever.

ART

THE LONDON GROUP

BY WALTER BAYES

IF you care for painting (not, I mean, for pictures at which you can gape because they are insured for—was it?—three million pounds, but for painting as such, even for its minor but lively virtuositities), go forthwith to New Burlington Galleries, where are upwards of a couple of hundred pictures, the authors of which are for the most part keenly alive to the magic possibilities of paint. After Mr. Sickert, whose portrait of Mr. Hugh Walpole hardly shows him at his best, Mr. Duncan Grant is probably the best known of the exhibitors and shows characteristic work. Undimmed is the fresh spontaneous use of colour which is his birthright. It is a quality which would have won more universal admiration but for certain weaknesses which we have come equally to recognize as—shall we say?—birthmarks. The landscape seen through the window in No. 8 is lightly and crisply touched in; a little over-loose perhaps in the nearer passages, still more so in the foreground of reflecting panes and patterned wallpaper, when the forms, still fluently dancing, become nevertheless somewhat flaccid and monotonous. In his large 'Pierrot Lunaire,' an interesting design of figures flung like a garland around a central void, the general plastic theme is well stated. How it would have gained with a little more nicety of finish such as Fragonard would have provided. Once again we see Mr. Grant's familiar practice of finishing the nether limbs of a figure with a sort of vague foliage, like the extremities of heraldic mantling, like anything rather than feet. A reaction at first, no doubt, from the smaller and meaner realism springing also from a lively interest in the integrity of a silhouette as a thing struck simply with a large brush and without meagre excursions from its central mass. But to have remained content with it so long argues a lack of curiosity as to the expressive possibilities of that brush, or an actual failure in the higher gymnastics of free-hand

execution. Yet in how many Fragonard's are these qualities abused, how rarely do we see one as massively designed as this 'Pierrot Luneaire,' their blood relation!

With less exacting subject matter, for lemons are less articulate than Columbines, Mr. Adeney shows a little more of this easily expressive brush work in his admirable study of broken colour, No. 20. With its colour so "in tune," why should the artist have weakened its effect by sending also 'Chrysanthemums' (17), wherein the colour sings "flat" and the design is diffuse? In Mr. Elliott Seabrooke's 'Still-Life' whipped paint develops a fuller impasto (akin to that so often used by Van Gogh), becoming that frank incrustation which amounts to a denial of the usual obvious distinction between the solid world which is the subject matter of a three dimensional conception and the flat surface of the picture which, whatever it purports to represent, must be good or bad as a flat surface according as it is well or ill subdivided. The surface of a picture, we can imagine Mr. Seabrooke arguing, is *not* flat. If you examine even the smoothest film of paint it has its projections, its striations, its hollows. This structure in depth of the film of paint is a part of the design of the picture. Why not recognize it as such?

The trouble is that from the moment a picture becomes thus a coloured bas-relief, the solidity of the bas-relief and the solidity of the cubic facts of nature are at war in a way far worse than were ever the solidity of nature and the flatness of the picture. There are parts of your picture which tempt you only too readily to express them in knobs and ridges of paint of readily determined direction: witness Van Gogh's 'Cornfield' (No. 465 at the Academy) or the flowers in this picture of Mr. Seabrooke's; but there are others that do not. The background which should remain flat behind that exciting detail remains as a trap in which in proportion to your excesses you are deeply engaged. The foolish drifts of paint whirling around the head of 'l'homme a l'oreille coupée' (453), the sprawling blue flowers which so lamentably fail to relate to their vase (in No. 454 at the Royal Academy) there are only two suggestive of the limitations of the mode). The 'Self Portrait' (466) of Van Gogh is eloquent but as linear as any Rubens.

"Incrustation" in painting belongs to the class known to surgeons as exploratory operations—dangerous beyond all proportion to what is to be learnt from them. Yet something is to be learnt. Probably to the microscope the film of paint, in the admirably liquid painting of Mr. Fedorvitch's 'Oysters' (151 at the London Group) would be as beautiful in its variations of surface as Mr. Seabrooke's heavier impasto, but it is probable that if the latter artist reverted to smoother painting, the texture of his work would be found to have gained something—a more consistent and well-distributed plasticity such as we may trace in the work of Watteau, of Chardin, of how many subtly solid craftsmen.

The alternation of impasto with powerful transparent colour is the speciality of Mr. Mathew Smith, actually the greatest virtuoso of what tends here to be a period of virtuosity. This use of transparent colour is his most obvious attraction, but would he wither or tighten to a more compact strength if—and it would take a most guileful Dalilah to do it—we could steal away his crimson? The 'Red Earring' (140) is by far his best picture—admirably logical in its close relation between form and colour.

How little in all these pictures the subject is illustrative appears from these criticisms and an incisive portrait like Mr. Meninsky's 'Boy with an Apple' (32), suffers in surroundings which combine to raise expectations of a lighter and more airy

plasticity. That such an art is well within his range is shown by his suavely painted still-life (32): it is simply that something—in the case of this portrait a good deal—is sacrificed to emphasis. The picture would look better at the Academy alongside of a Hals than it does here. Mr. Clifford Webb's well-designed 'Flower-piece with birds' (60) also slightly harsh in execution, fares better—perhaps because of its full colour—and the refined 'Portrait of an Old Lady' (112) by Jessica Dismoor owes some of its success to sympathetic hanging.

I would like to look forward to the coming of a time when a gallery like the large one here will as a matter of course be divided by spaces of blank wall into a number of panels consisting of pictures carefully chosen to form a homogeneous and sympathetic group, and when pictures which fail to find a place in any such group will be rejected as a matter of course to try their luck next time. Consider for a moment how much the group of two drawings by Mr. Rupert Lee and of four by Mr. Walter Taylor owe to their brilliant juxtaposition. It takes an artist to seize on such an opportunity of making a group which is together more attractive than any of its constituents would be alone.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—151

SET BY CLENNELL WILKINSON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a short essay of about five hundred words on the ancient piratical practice of walking—or, rather, causing to walk—the plank. The alleged desirability and convenience of the custom should be discussed; and extra marks will be awarded for any historical instance of walking the plank, or the citation of any good authority for the existence of the custom.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a short poem entitled 'Ode to a Frozen Water Pipe, or The Plumber's Cry to his Mate.'

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 151a, or LITERARY 151b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, January 28. The results will be announced in the issue of February 2.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 149

SET BY GERALD BARRY

A. We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for a rendering of Robert Burns's poem 'To a Mouse: On turning her up in her nest with the Plough' in the manner of Mr. Humbert Wolfe.

B. Hounds met on New Year's Day on Broad Halfpenny Down, Winchester, where a cricket

match was in progress between Mr. J. C. Squire's Invalids and the Hampshire Esquimaux. We offer a first prize of One Guinea and a second prize of Half a Guinea for an epitaph in not more than 4 lines of verse on a foxhound killed by a cricket ball.

REPORT FROM MR. BARRY

149A. This was a tough proposition, as I fully knew, but it brought some gallant attempts. Those who got nearest to what I was looking for took full liberties with both parties; it was necessary to paraphrase Burns very freely to deck him in Wolfe's clothing. I salute R. Graham for his painstaking 'Who's Who' of the modern Muse, the more warmly as I know he cannot have expected a prize and wrote purely for the fun of the thing. Valimus gets honourable mention—he is like, but not quite like (he deserves special commendation for his title); so, too, do Non Omnia; Miss M. Y. Stewart (too sentimental); and, especially, Issachar. If the last-named had been able to sustain the excellence of his second verse he would have been an easy winner:

I would not have it so;
nor would refuse you welcome at my house:
the little you would thief I'd never know,
or, if I knew, I should not grudge it, mouse.

I name for first prize E. H. The second prize goes to Mastix for a good but uneven effort. I do not care for his third stanza.

FIRST PRIZE

I see you lying dead underneath my ploughshare
in the nest laid open dark at the head of the furrow,
and never again can the little brown mate now share
the delicate things you brought her down through the
burrow.

That holy ark, compact of your mousy scheming,
that velvet ellipse of warmth is all destroyed now
and void is the perfect whole of a poet's dreaming,
and your dreams are out of the reach of Jung and
Freud now.

The Pale Horse followed when mine set his hoof above
you,
while other mice crept on through their deep holes
ranging;

your myriad seed shall never know you and love you
and Earth spins on in changes for ever unchanging.

Mice of the world! O great uncounted nation,
know that what man would reap, first must he sow it;
levelling, rending and crushing is Cultivation,
and Cultivation digs the grave of the poet.

E. H.

SECOND PRIZE

You have seen March outmarched and May unmade,
you have brought inevitable harvests from the stack,
and under ground have challenged, unafraid,
the consummation of your zodiac.

Will you remember these, or will you suffer
the earth's red reticent snow to say of you,
though you were not the same, you could not differ
in the infinity of your residue?

Think you that my perennial stratagem
to undermine the citadel of that city
Winter, could wish so wantonly to condemn
the ultimate sincerity of your body?

You will cease crying presently, content
that mountains cannot bring forth more than mice,
powerless as I to outplan the accident
of your irreparable sacrifice.

MASTIX

149B. It is astonishing how many competitors did not trouble to digest what was asked of them before setting out to win a prize. My task in judging this competition has been very considerably lightened by the fact that nearly half the aspirants in a big field sent in epitaphs on a fox. I asked for an epitaph on a

foxhound. Two, presumably on the principle of *pecca fortiter*, committed the additional error of substituting Christmas Day for New Year's Day. W. R. Dunstan had a happy phrase about being "bowled off his pads," which, had he applied it (as he equally well might) to a hound instead of to Reynard, would have put him closely in the running for a prize. Competitors took full advantage, as I hoped they would, of the many opportunities for puns and *doubles ententes*. The commonest quip was the obvious one about the incident "not being cricket," and all who made it I discarded. A good number also made play with the word Squire—some of them more personally than I can allow. Why, for instance, should it be assumed that the Captain of the Invalids was personally responsible for the poor creature's death? H. C. M., who sent in three efforts, one of them (he admits) scarcely an epitaph, was guilty of this presumption:

Here lies a hound who perished when
He stopped one of our J. C.'s New Year slogs;
To cope with Squire is dangerous to men,
Fatal to dogs.

and, both better and worse:

When Mr. Squire did aspire
To hit a six, he spied
A daring hound upon the ground—
The dog it was that died.

Babel was more subtle:

The ball was bloody, your dear eyes grew dim;
Diana's pack you joined, my little lover;
— But Mercury, who hit that ball past cover:
May Pluto give the Sitwells charge of him!

Mastix made full play with the terms of two sports
in an effort that deserves quotation:

There was no sound of shouting on their lips
While the fox sneaked his way from point to cover.
I saw them stand like greyhounds in the slips.
A ball came flashing, and a voice cried "Over."

Majolica takes rather a long time to make his point
but it is a good one when he gets there:

Here lies a hound, whom zeal, outstripping reason,
Brought to his death ere the day's sport begun:
Some fellow, playing cricket out of season,
Has bowled poor Ranter out without a run.

Of those left in at the death, all deserve honourable mention: Ve and Jacques for commendably giving tongue in Latin; W. G., whose effort is reprinted, for neatness and brevity, which nearly won him a prize; G. A. Newell; O. Evans; Miss H. K. Leatham. The first prize goes to L. B., who sent in three epitaphs and wins with his second; his third was almost as good in another kind. The Second Prize is won by E. S. Goodwill, with a spirited demand for vengeance. This competitor also sent in two attempts. Here is his second:

Here lies poor Tim, an honest hound,
Whose joy it was afield to bound.
How very said his end should be
To try to field a boundary.

FIRST PRIZE

He was in truth a Hammond of a hound,
Foremost in making runs, or drives through cover;
But when he first chanced on a cricket-ground
Death smiled, and caught him out, and Time cried
"Over!"

L. B.

SECOND PRIZE

Here lies a gentle hound, whose fate his fellows mourn.
Untimely slain, these were his latest words:
Count me as unrevenged until, with following horn,
You bay an umpire round the field at Lord's.

E. S. GOODWILL

COMMENDED.

Was he justly dismissed, d'you say?
Not a doubt!
He obstructed the field of play—
He was out!

W. G.

BACK NUMBERS—CVIII

IN one of his letters from Japan, Lafcadio Hearn says of his friend Mason that he was intellectually congenial as one would expect of a man who had been principal proof-reader on the SATURDAY REVIEW. Of Mason I confess I know nothing, but I suppose among Saturday Reviewers of an older generation, say, of the Walter Herries Pollock period, there are those who came in contact with him, and I should appreciate any information they can give me. Meanwhile I do but note this compliment to the least-thanked of all classes of literary workers, to the men who save us writers from obsolete or erroneous spelling, disordered punctuation, solecism, unintentional impropriety or libel, and other crimes beyond computation. If Mason belonged to the period to which I conjecturally refer him, he coped with the handwriting of Andrew Lang, and may indeed have fled to Japan to escape it. There he was one of the very few links between Hearn and the bookish world. With him, apparently, Hearn could discuss literature on a basis of common knowledge, but virtually all the literary criticism produced by the exile was addressed to an audience which knew nothing of the raw material of European literature or of the emotional atmosphere in which it was fashioned.

It was those adverse conditions that made Hearn the lecturer so interesting. His reading, I believe, was simply that of the man who takes books as they come his way; there were gaps in it, and it is likely that much of what he had read had been attacked at the wrong time. It is improbable that he carried in his head a clear map of the countries of the mind; rather, some patches were very vivid to him and the rest vague and made out of report. His taste certainly was not impeccable, and, what is odd, it was not even finely perverse. Thus, drawn as he was towards some of the subtlest and most antinomian of the French poets of the nineteenth century, he could be positively gushing about Longfellow—"of all the poets of the age, none was so completely romantic as Longfellow, so ideal, so fond of the spiritual and the impossible," with much more, especially in praise of his "ghostliness." Thus, too, he could be perfectly serious in treating Owen Meredith as a poet.

But however sketchy and fallible Lafcadio Hearn may have been in treating of particular authors and epochs, he did, under compulsion, what few critics do: he looked at European literature from outside it. Lecturing to Japanese students, he could take nothing for granted. He was obliged to explain to them the suitability for literature of material which to us is so obviously suitable that we give no thought to what constitutes its fitness. He had to discuss every form, however familiar to him, on the assumption that his listeners knew nothing about it. He had to justify every stock eulogy and traditional label.

In what measure he succeeded in enabling his Japanese students to enter into alien modes of thought and feeling is uncertain, and it may even be that the young English poets who have since been employed on similar work in Japan have not been wholly successful. But that he benefited by the effort cannot be doubted, and anyone who will patiently read his reprinted lectures, which necessarily contain a good many platitudes, will benefit also.

At the very least, the reader will gain a sense of the oddity of that intellectual heritage in which he has been wont to take his ease.

So far as I remember, Hearn did not make the point, but to the outsider European culture must seem very queerly based. The Hellenic element in it, which needs no defence in discussion between Europeans, may strike the outsider as being allowed an extravagant importance; but how much more extravagant must seem the prominence accorded to the Hebraic! And how fantastic, what a nightmare muddle of ideas, must the outsider find the characteristic mythology of post-classical European literature. It is the rarest thing for any European who has not been in intellectual contact with Orientals to spend a moment's thought on it, but how obscure and widely separated are the origins of the central part of that mythology, the drama of revolt against God.

To the outsider it must appear wildly paradoxical that under monotheism should have developed, and among those most loyal to monotheism, the dualism which took literary form in the fifth-century poem, 'De Originali Peccato,' whose author, Avitus, is but a name, while his idea has never ceased to work in the most powerful creative minds of the West. Not less strange must it seem that peoples resolute in affirming the sufficiency of the Bible should have supplemented its account of heaven with the social guide to precedence provided by Dionysius the Areopagite. The outsider must gasp again over the impregnation of quasi-Biblical myth by Celtic or Teutonic legend, and over the speedy enough reduction of the complicated product to something almost ready-shaped for art.

Roughly speaking, Oriental peoples have literary mythologies which sprang up in the one region and bear the impress of a particular cast of mind. The Hindu mind, for instance, though it has through many centuries performed remarkable gymnastics, has never been called upon to knead a multitude of alien ideas into coherent matter for literature. It has added much to itself, but mechanically, and the continual increase of its pantheon has not affected its central conceptions. But the European mind went through four or five centuries of such exercise in significantly relating myriads of alien myths that no mind unexercised in a similar way can truly grasp the suggestiveness of European literature.

Hearn, who did not venture on a history of such myths as have just been mentioned, did useful work as far as he went. Very many others, with little of his originality and courage, have endeavoured to explain European literature to Orientals, and Orientals have produced works of art in European languages. But the overtones, the indefinable suggestions, the depths beyond depths, in the most characteristic works of the romantic European mind are beyond explanation. To the outsider, if he gets as far even as that, European literature must appear overcharged with imaginative innuendo. It pleases people to give magic its home in the East, but the spells are here, in European literature, and especially in English poetry, of necessity murmurous with inner meanings, so that it gives only its avowed message to the outsider:

But all the while within we hear
How sweet, how different a thing.

STET.

REVIEWS

WILD AUSTRALIA

BY NORTHCOTE THOMAS

Wanderings in Wild Australia. By Sir Baldwin Spencer. Two vols. Macmillan. 42s.

FUTURE generations will probably find matter for astonishment in the fact that an age in which natural science advanced by leaps and bounds, in which, too, beetles, jellyfish, and other unimportant creatures were collected and studied with abounding energy, should have done so little to investigate the human species itself and, before it was too late, assemble in its museums objects illustrative of the arts and crafts, the rites and the material culture in general of the races in those lower stages of culture which were obviously vanishing like morning mist before the blessings of civilization. A generation ago the British Empire usually left it to the casual traveller, often ignorant of the languages of the peoples he investigated, to record the customs of its subject peoples and illustrate by more or less inadequate specimens their arts and crafts; languages were and are still, except in India, beneath the notice of the trained philologist.

Even to-day there is little or no systematic study of the lower races of large areas of the British Empire; probably full half of what we know with certainty of the native of Australia is due to the efforts of Sir Baldwin Spencer; his collections must form a large proportion of the ethnological exhibits in Australian museums, which do not, apparently, publish any systematic survey of their treasures. A century ago there must have been some two hundred and fifty languages spoken in Australia; of these, though philology ought to have much to say on the question of Australian origins, we probably know less than half a dozen in any adequate way. Even Sir Baldwin Spencer's own magnificent work in the study of the native seems to have been due, at its inception, largely to chance; for he tells us that he came in contact with Tylor at Oxford many years ago and, when he went to Australia, received from the father of English anthropology a letter recommending to him the study of the native.

But for this chance the name of the Arunta tribe might not be to-day a household word in anthropology; for less than seven years after Spencer, in 1894, first came in contact with the tribe, then virtually unknown, it was completely demoralized by contact with Europeans. It is good to know that though this once powerful and numerous people has fallen to the position of a degraded remnant, forgetful of the customs of their forefathers, their material culture will yet be preserved for the information of future generations who visit the Melbourne Museum and much of their habits and mode of thought will be enshrined in the pages of Sir Baldwin Spencer's works.

The impression which these pages give of the Arunta will probably be a revelation to many people, whose idea of primitive races is that they are blood-thirsty savages of repulsive exterior and disagreeable manners. But an Arunta man might, we learn, have served as model to a sculptor and was often, apart from a quaint but not disagreeable face, like the bronze statue of a lithe athlete. He was uniformly kind to his children, considerate to the old and infirm and generous to his friends. He was light-hearted to the verge of folly and had no thought for the morrow even when a feast to-day might mean some days of short commons, though, thanks to the acuteness of his senses and his extraordinary knowledge of the habits of animals, he could gather food in abundance where

a white biologist could not get a single specimen for his collection. His existence, until the white man came to revolutionize his world, was for the most part a pleasant one.

The work does not, however, deal only with the Arunta; there is a mass of information on the War-ramunga and Kakadu tribes; botany, zoology and geology figure largely in its nine hundred pages; even art is not left without notice, for the author secured a series of "barks" from Kakadu artists, which now hang on the walls of the Melbourne Museum. The highest price paid for an effort was fourpence half-penny; but it is understood that the market value has gone up.

These volumes contain nearly six hundred illustrations and sixteen coloured plates; among them there is no lack of admirable pictures of natives of all ages; one of the most striking features of their appearance is the venerable aspect of the old men with their long beards. The native is, of course, not black; the light copper colour of the new-born child, however, darkens rapidly and the tint is deepened, as years roll by, with liberal applications of fat and red ochre. It appears probable that the north of Australia, the residence of the peoples dealt with in these volumes, differs from the south in having a considerable admixture of a strain with a much higher skull but the same long head and flat nose. The author has nothing to say about this and not only regards the native as not negroid, but classes him as "Caucasian" and therefore a distant cousin of our own; but it seems more likely that, as is suggested on an earlier page, he is an early type elsewhere almost extinct.

Sir Baldwin Spencer supposes Australia to have been closed for long ages to outside influences, not to say actual immigration. But the difference in physical type between north and south is so strikingly borne out by cultural and linguistic features that it is hardly possible to accept this watertight compartment theory. Even if Schmidt's successive waves of invaders, with the Arunta among the latest comers, are based on fragmentary data, a line of demarcation drawn on the evidence of two independent lines of investigation, to wit, languages and burial customs, can hardly represent anything but an actual racial frontier. This conclusion is borne out by another piece of evidence mentioned by the author himself, but only as a remarkable and unexplained fact.

Everyone has heard of the boomerang and some Europeans can both make and throw the form of it which, if it does not touch an object, returns to the thrower; this form is found in the east and in the west, but these two areas are cleft asunder by a wedge occupying the north and centre, which knows only the business boomerang used for hunting, fishing, or war. Sir Baldwin Spencer cannot explain this distribution; but to the ethnologist who does not fear to invoke migration to account for cultural similarities and differences the meaning is apparent at a glance; the non-return form is produced by a stock which saw the missile in the hands of the tribes which they displaced or overran, but which had not the technical skill to reproduce the features that gave the curved path; they, however, found useful the boomerang-shaped throwing stick of which the heavier forms are capable of severing a limb.

It is probable that mass immigration alone will account for these features of native culture; there are other elements which suggest penetration by small parties of aliens; unusual features such as cave-paintings, permanent dwellings and the like have been recorded by Sir George Grey, Worsnop and others; and at Burketown, near the Gulf of Carpentaria, has been recorded the use of the spear becket, instead of the usual wooden spear-thrower; the Yorkshire boy can throw a wand in the Burketown fashion and probably derived his knowledge ultimately from

the Roman soldier; it is more likely that the Burketown boy learnt it from people of the New Hebrides or New Caledonia, where the same device is in use.

These splendid volumes tell the reader all the essential facts ever likely to be known about the native tribes to which the author has given many years of labour, and describe in the most vivid fashion the life and natural features of an enormous area, the trials of a naturalist with his camels, his native collectors, his specimens, his searches, fruitful or fruitless, after booty and the like. The work is a masterpiece of travel and human interest which must be read and inwardly digested by everyone who claims to be a student of mankind and his environment.

MECHANICAL LABOUR

Automaton, or the Future of the Mechanical Man.

By H. Stafford Hatfield. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

MR. HATFIELD is an inventor and a philosopher. He has lately invented a mechanical man shown at the Agricultural Hall and "featured" in most of the illustrated papers. He has now written an essay upon automata in which he laments the small amount of interest taken in them and puts forward the thesis that if human beings were really humanitarian and well disposed towards each other they would spend some of their money and some of their invention in creating powerful automata to supply physical needs, in that way seeking to improve the general standard of life by diminishing the demand that human workmen should perform services of drudgery. The joint study of philosophy and engineering has made Mr. Hatfield a sceptic who believes neither in the good intentions of human beings nor in the prospect that automata will altogether replace the unskilled workman.

In the first place it will be some time before the value of automata is recognized by industrialists and before inventors are suitably stimulated to provide mechanical men. The supply of human labour at cheap wages ready to accept monotonous work is now abundant; the industrialist can therefore find the labour he needs without using much foresight and without much capital outlay. The case is otherwise with automata. They are very expensive to construct, and, like the L.C.C. trams, may, within a few years after their construction, cease to be the most efficient means of providing the services for which they were designed. These are not the only reasons why human labour is now considered preferable to automatic labour. There is a psychological reason; our faith in the judgment and sensibility of mechanical labour is by no means established; although it should be obvious that a disgruntled, bored workman is no more trustworthy at his post than a delicate and variously adjusted machine. This fear of the machine is the second of Dr. T. B. Watson's two primary fears, the fear of falling down, of loss of support. It is expressed in Mr. E. M. Forster's story, 'The Machine Stops'; the extent to which it is justified can, however, be gauged by comparing the number of accidents in steam railways where human signalmen are chiefly employed with the number of accidents on the London Underground railways which have a system of automatic signalling. These difficulties and fears will be overcome, Mr. Hatfield prophesies, when "Press sensations, sports news, every kind of shallow titillation" have rendered the ordinary workman so "unconscientious" that it will be dangerous to rely upon him.

Until then the use of mechanical labour must lag behind the possibilities of perfecting it. The

perfection of automata depends also upon the solution of problems not so obviously connected with automata themselves. The problem of memory, for instance, for the power to memorize represents the present superiority of human labour over mechanical labour; the problem of meaning, which may in time reduce language to terms sufficiently simple to enable automata to respond to sound symbols which never have ambiguous meanings. Not the least interesting section of Mr. Hatfield's book is the reproduction of six pages of it in Mr. C. K. Ogden's "Panoptic English" based upon a vocabulary of 500 words chosen as a result of his studies of the meaning of words. None of Mr. Hatfield's points is omitted, and we are told that the entire vocabulary can be printed on the back of a single sheet of notepaper and mastered in a few days. No doubt this will raise resentment among men of letters.

AFTER JUTLAND

History of the Great War based on Official Documents. Naval Operations. Vol. IV.
By Henry Newbolt. Longmans. Text 16s.
Maps 5s.

THE death of Sir Julian Corbett, who was perhaps the best writer and the clearest thinker among British naval historians, might have made an irreparable break in the history of our recent naval operations which he was writing under the direction of the Committee of Imperial Defence. The judicious choice of Sir Henry Newbolt to succeed him has effectually guarded against that danger, and the volume now before us is a worthy successor to the admirable work of Corbett. In one respect, indeed, the break—if it was unfortunately to come at all—could not have come at a better time. Corbett, with the volume giving a detailed account of the battle of Jutland, had virtually completed the history of the war as far as capital ships took an active part in it:

The period of great naval operations in the old sense was over: the remaining volumes of the History were to deal with a new kind of war, a naval war on a vast scale, but conducted mainly by blockade and counter-blockade, both unexampled in kind; and with a moral struggle in which the vital conflict at sea was inseparably interwoven with a conflict of imponderable forces, acting by intrigues and negotiations, national and international.

The first chapter of Sir Henry Newbolt's volume, entitled, 'After Jutland,' is really the conclusion of Corbett's work, summing up the effect of that action on strategy and tactics. This is a cool but crushing condemnation of those who still discuss the question whether Jutland was a British victory or not. "The great experiment was over, and it had proved that the control of the sea was irrevocably in British hands." The late Admiral Scheer, in spite of the courage with which he had fought and the skill with which he had run away, had no illusions as to his capacity for fighting another day. In his secret report to the Kaiser, written a month after the battle, he frankly admitted that the High Seas Fleet was unequal to the task of defeating England at sea, and must be used merely as a sort of auxiliary to the submarines, Germany's sole remaining hope. "A victorious end to the war at not too distant a date," he wrote, "can only be looked for by the crushing of English economic life through U-boat action against English commerce." It is the initiation of this campaign on a dangerously effective scale—thanks to the policy of unrestricted sinking—which occupies the greater part of Sir Henry Newbolt's extremely readable and interesting volume. The present instalment comes down to April, 1917, when the United States entered the war, and the rest of the work will

obviously be devoted almost wholly to the dramatic evolution of an entirely new naval struggle:

Our weapon was the Blockade of Germany, the pressure of which was gradual and cumulative; the enemy's was the U-boat attack, which had already caused us loss, but had not yet become dangerous. If it should be developed, by a desperate effort, to the utmost pitch of intensity, we should be faced by the possibility of so great and rapid a loss of shipping as would starve us and our armies before our enemy collapsed under our grip. The launching of this effort by our enemies, its alarming immediate success, the repulse of it by new methods of protection and of counter-attack, the fierce and continuous fighting of two huge fleets whose ships were numbered by hundreds and their losses by millions of tons, the destruction, the endurance, the breathless anxiety, prolonged not for hours or days but for many months incessantly—all this will make up the history of a single naval operation, the decisive battle of the war, the greatest sea fight in history.

Sir Henry Newbolt's narrative of the gloomy opening months of the U-boat campaign is a lucid and admirable summary of information which has never been made so readily accessible to the general reader. He brings out clearly the unprecedented difficulties with which our naval authorities were confronted after the German decision to "sink at sight"—a decision which, as is shown in the able chapter on German naval policy, 1916-17, was adopted with a clear understanding that it would certainly bring the United States into the war, but with a fortunate contempt of their capabilities for assisting the Allies. As an example of these difficulties he quotes an instance in which three U-boats were known to be operating for seven days in an area which was patrolled by ninety-seven destroyers and torpedo-boats, with 468 armed auxiliaries:

During this period they had been actively hunted by thirteen destroyers and seven Q-boats, each one of which had a surface fighting power about double that of any of the submarines. Yet in spite of this immense disparity of numbers, the three U-boat commanders had sunk more than thirty British and neutral vessels without suffering any loss themselves.

The problem to be solved was worse than that of finding a needle in a hay-stack—worse even than that of the surface raiders, of whom Admiral Bacon feelingly observed that "it is as easy to stop a raid of express engines with all lights out at night, at Clapham Junction, as to stop a raid of 33-knot destroyers on a night as black as Erebus, in waters as wide as the Channel." We shall look forward with great interest to Sir Henry Newbolt's explanation in a future volume of how the problem was solved in the nick of time. For this volume closes with the Allies within sight of disaster; by the end of 1917, if no improvement were reached, our available merchant shipping would be reduced from over eight to less than five millions, nearly all of which would be required for the transport of food. "Nothing would be left for the necessary transport of troops and stores, the export of coal and all the import business of the country, and Great Britain, the prop and support of the whole coalition, would collapse."

We can only mention, in conclusion, the entertaining chapter on the *Moewe*, the *Seedler*, and their sister commerce raiders, and the thoroughly agreeable account of the Tanganyika naval campaign, one of the best-planned and best-executed minor operations of the whole war.

AWAITING PRODUCTION

His Majesty. A Play in Four Acts. By Harley Granville-Barker. Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s.

The Rag. By Allan Monkhouse. A Play in Three Acts. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d.

MR. GRANVILLE-BARKER makes the Mid-European vortex his scene; his "Carpathia" might be the familiar breeding-ground of musical

comedies in which the exiled prince becomes the chauffeur of the dollar-princess while Balkan beauties sing their hearts out in waltz-time to a male chorus in Hessians and frogged jackets. Or else, of course, it could be catered for by the local Expressionist drama of rage and revolution in which the episodes have the gruff monotony of gun-fire and human beings are replaced by abstractions such as First Capitalist, Third Worker, and so on. Mr. Granville-Barker remains a quietist and a realist. Neither for Ruritanian romance nor the Teutonic drama of thunder-claps amid "Constructivist" settings has he any fancy; ironic, sympathetic, playful he may be in his various moments, but all these tempers are the accompaniment and not the substitute for his brisk quest of truth. He presents exile and futile revolt against exile as it surely must be. It is arguable that this study of King Henry XIII of Carpathia is done through English spectacles and that the man is an Oxonian (lost cause and all) and too much of a gentlemanly thinker on lines we like to think more native to Balliol than to Brdnpol or wherever it was that King Henry played the rôle of student prince. Undoubtedly this is an English play; even when murder is about, the flame of tolerant wit that is lit in happier climates still illuminates the ugly scene. We suspect that these statesmen of the broken nations could hardly be so urbane as they are here made. The dramatist reverses fashionable process and turns foxes into gentry. None the less, his picture of a monarchist "putsch" is an extremely fine piece of work, fine in all its personal portraiture as in its political sagacity.

Unlike the Expressionists with their simple parade of tabloid types, Mr. Granville-Barker is a real draughtsman who loves the fine shades of a Queen's diehard stupidity, a retainer's loyalty, a new-made statesman's perplexities, or a hotspur's fanatical faith in baseless hopes. It is all done with immense care and insight. Perhaps it is too long in parts and the diplomacy is sometimes more discursive than dramatic. None the less this is a play in which the dramatist would make the actors into the abstracts and brief chronicles of our time. He takes the actual conflict of history and shapes it to his compassionate purposes and his sense of comedy. He is, in full, the creative commentator that the playwright has it in him to become. 'His Majesty'

COLD
MORNINGS

TO GET
YOU OFF
QUICKLY
YOU NEED



BOTH
SHELL OIL &
SHELL PETROL
QUICK-STARTING PAIR

is an important play and should be produced by our most important producer, its author.

Mr. Monkhouse is also faithful to the familiar model of careful plausibility in portraiture. He tells a short story in stage form, tells it expeditiously and puts it amid surroundings that are fresh in the theatre. Conceive rival newspapers in a big provincial city; one editor's son is involved in a serious scandal arising from a rag that became a riot. The rival may keep honourable silence, but labour is involved since a printer's lad is likely to suffer for the richer man's offence. Trade Unionism, nowhere stronger than in a printing-room, intervenes and there is one of those pretty conflicts of loyalty where all have good intentions and all achieve cross-purposes. Of such broils Mr. Monkhouse is a skilled and a sensitive dramatist. His solution of the affair is cunning as his handling of the incident is quick and true to probability. It is rarely that we see any portraiture of newspaper life on the stage that is not ludicrous; Mr. Monkhouse has inside knowledge of the Fourth Estate—as he has of human nature—and uses both to good effect.

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

Information on the Renunciation of War. 1927-1928. By J. W. Wheeler-Bennett. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

This Pact Business. By W. H. Edwards. Gollancz. 2s. 6d.

ON Armistice Day President Coolidge, in a speech suggesting that "a country which makes reasonable preparation for defence is less likely to be subject to a hostile attack," also declared that the Kellogg Pact "is the most complete and will be the most effective instrument for peace that was ever devised." Since the main object of the Kellogg Pact

is to outlaw war for national purposes, there is an obvious contradiction in these two statements and, as Dr. Edwards points out in his excellent little book, interviews given or speeches made by all the principal signatories of the Pact contain evidences of this same uncertainty.

Mr. Philip Kerr, in his introduction to Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's collection of documents, suggests that "there is good reason for thinking that posterity may regard April 13, 1928 [the date on which the first American draft was submitted to other Powers] as a turning point in the history of the world," and we must hope that he is right, for it appears that this scrap of paper is now the only obstacle to an Anglo-American naval competition so disastrous that each country, while preparing to build against the other, insists that it is "unthinkable." Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, who is Honorary Secretary for the Association of International Understanding, gives us the Pact's history in forty very interesting and readable pages and the official documents concerning it in a hundred and ten. It is true that many of these documents can be found in the British White Papers on the subject or in the files of *The Times*, but it is valuable to have them collected in one volume, even at the rather excessive price of 8s. 6d.

'This Pact Business' is in a different category. Dr. W. H. Edwards is the London Correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* and he is well known in London as a journalist of outstanding ability and wide intellectual interests. Looking at things from a German point of view, he is a little inclined to be bitter about the inadequate progress made by the British and French Governments in the direction of disarmament. He suggests, for example, that Germany has "disappeared entirely as a military menace," although, in point of fact, her expenditure on armaments in 1926 is more than half her 1909 expenditure, but he is fully justified in calling attention to the interesting

TONIC TALKS TO MEN AND WOMEN (Continued)



Getting down to the daily task

Those who are approaching middle age and who work either in the home, or in the office, often find it more and more difficult to pick up the threads of work each day with quite the same old zest. What is the matter? Is it "anno domini"? Not nearly as often as we let ourselves believe. Ten chances to one, it is just that the daily strain and worries

of life have upset the delicate balance of our nerves. Perhaps this is true of your case. If so, don't worry and don't rely on stimulants and "pick-me-ups." Ask your chemist for Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites "FELLOWS." Recommended by doctors as an invigorating and restorative tonic for tired and "jarred" nerves. Its effect is prompt.

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

TRADE **"FELLOWS"** MARK

THE RUSSIAN RIDDLE

On

TUESDAY NEXT

THE

Daily Telegraph

contains the first of a series
of significant articles by



Ellis Ashmead - Bartlett

the distinguished special correspondent
and traveller just back from MOSCOW

Is the Bolshevik regime crashing?

What manner of men are the "Big 9"—
Stalin, Kalinin, Rykoff, Vorolshiloff,
Tomski, Rudjutak, Bucharin, Motoloff,
Orghomyokidzé, who are in absolute con-
trol of 150,000,000 Russians?

How far have these fanatical, tyrannical
Incorruptibles prevailed to change the con-
servative habits of this strange people
and to suspend accepted economic laws?

What is life like now in Moscow? In Russia
generally?

What of the repercussions of this greatest
of all Revolutions on the East, on Europe,
on the British Empire?

An Eye-witness gives his
well-informed answers in the

Daily Telegraph

TUESDAY NEXT JAN. 22nd

and following days.

fact that "when Great Britain, the United States, France and Italy were spending £220,000,000 sterling per annum on armaments in 1911, they were disbursing £102,000,000 in interest on their national debt. In 1927, when they were spending £350,000,000 in armaments, they had to pay £798,000,000 in interest and debt redemption." It is just as well that the British public, by whom members of the Government have to be guided, should keep these figures in view when they consider the advisability of living up to the promises their Ministers have given on their behalf in signing the Kellogg Pact. Dr. Edwards's book, which draws especial attention to the dangerous similarity between Mussolini and Wilhelm II and to the increasing rivalry between Western Europe and the United States, is an exceptionally able appeal for the substitution of arbitration for war.

MODERN CAPITALISM

Modern Capitalism: Its Origin and Evolution.
By Henri Sée. Douglas. 12s. 6d.

REVIEWERS of books on capitalism usually begin by quoting the writer's definition of capitalism and then quarrelling with it. In the present instance the first part of this procedure, at least, is useful. Professor Sée, whose book has been translated into English, writes:

What are the essential characteristics of capitalistic society, as it exists to-day? The expansion of international commerce is not its sole distinguishing mark; on the contrary, it includes also the flowering of a large scale industry, the triumph of machinery, and the growing power of the great financial houses. In a word, it is the present day union of all these phenomena which really constitutes modern capitalism.

Later, he identifies mobility of capital as the distinctive feature of a capitalistic regime. There is a real difficulty in framing a satisfactory short formula, and it is not matter for great surprise or criticism if Professor Sée has not perfectly surmounted it. Should not something be said, for example, of the wage system?

Really, the whole book is an answer to such criticisms. It is a sketch, however, not a treatise, and the author disclaims comparison with Werner Sombart's larger works. It is stimulating and scholarly; it is written by one, it is needless to say, who is fully abreast of recent research; and it is more complete than the French original. A general commendation need hardly go further.

The author distinguishes commercial, industrial, and financial capitalism, and goes back, as every historian must, to the Middle Ages for the beginnings of his subject. He takes a wider view of capitalistic origins than Sombart. Trade with the East played an important part, and it may be remembered that the Crusades were not wholly dissociated from a kind of medieval Eldorado. The first signs of capitalistic organization appeared in the Italian cities as a result of this eastern trade, and along with it the early accumulation of wealth and all that followed from it. The effects extended as far as the Low Countries, and commercial capitalism gave rise to financial capitalism. From the sixteenth century the borrowings of modern states played an increasingly important part in this phase of evolution. Parallel with the economic evolution was the extent of the political influence of the western states, Holland giving place to France and England in the eighteenth century.

Professor Sée regards the final stage as industrial capitalism, accompanied by improved organization of credit, banking and of transport, which has been termed the economic king.

A great merit of this little book is that it stimulates or should stimulate the reader to further enquiry and to further thought, and the excellent brief bibliographical notes are themselves a powerful aid to that end.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Ultima Thule. By Henry Handel Richardson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Belinda. By Hilaire Belloc. Constable. 6s.

Armance. By Stendhal. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Ask the Young. By W. B. Trites. Gollancz. 5s.

'ULTIMA THULE' is the last part of a Trilogy dealing with the fortunes of Richard Mahony, M.D., F.R.C.S., who emigrated to Australia at the time of the gold fever. The earlier sections I have, alas! not read; but the present volume can be understood well enough, too well, perhaps, without their aid.

Mahony is a phenomenon rare in modern fiction—a character fully realized, completely "round." 'Ultima Thule' shows him in decline; on the high road to madness and the grave, and his great qualities—the noble temper of his mind, his generosity, his sanguine attitude towards life—are so much blunted by misfortune, so much compromised by alloy with rashness, impatience and improvidence, that he appears a pitiful Don Quixote, almost a figure of fun. His letters to his wife (she had never wanted him to take the practice at Barambogie, which he declared to be a kind of gold mine) reveal him perfectly:

The heat is unbelievable. The drought continues . . . no sign yet of it breaking, and the thermometer eternally up between 90 and 100. (And even so, no sickness!) I am getting very anxious, too, about the water in the tank, which is low and dirty.

I sleep wretchedly, and time hangs very heavy. The peaches are ripening. Grapes twopence a pound, but butter is hard to get, and unless it rains, there will soon be none to be had.

I do not see, under these circumstances, that we can incur the expense of another governess. The children will either have to attend the State School, or you must teach them yourself.

I do not like your lined paper. I detest common note-paper. Go to Bradley's where you are in town, and order some good cream-laid. They have the die for the crest there.

"Oh dear, oh dear, he's at it again," sighed Mary, and let the letter fall to her knee.

Mary is very well drawn, though perhaps she is too much a Patient Grizel, by turns exasperating and consoling her wayward, brilliant husband. Cuffy, the boy, is a charming portrait; and it is a surprise to see how Mr. Richardson's style, generally formal and Victorian, becomes fluid and impressionistic when he is describing the child's undeveloped thoughts. Victorian Australia, dear to those that love it but to a man of Mahony's warm, volatile temperament unsympathetic both as regards landscape and its inhabitants, closes round the reader as irresistibly as the circumstances of his own life. Against this bitter background Mahony drags out his failure to make a living, which is tantamount to the failure of his life. It is a miserable record, almost too painful to read, and I think Mr. Richardson would have done well to curtail it. The details of Mahony's mental collapse may be valuable to the psychiatrist, but they are surely outside the scope of fiction, and a blemish on what is otherwise a splendid piece of work.

'Belinda' comes as a welcome relief. For the purposes of his story Mr. Belloc has adopted a kind of Regency prose, which he manages with the utmost elegance. Belinda falls in love with her impoverished neighbour, Horatio Maltravers. Her father, however, means her to marry the *nouveau riche* Sir Henry Portly. But he is not a very stern parent; he merely demands a brief separation between the lovers, which may be assuaged by correspondence. Here fate steps

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(As certified by the Auditors.)

LIABILITIES		£	s.	d.
Current, Deposit and other Accounts (including balance of Profit and Loss)		335,081,222	12	2
Acceptances and Endorsements, &c., for account of Customers ...		24,874,316	17	5
Capital, viz.:—	£ s. d.			
857,589 "A"				
Shares of £4 each, fully paid	3,430,356	0	0	
11,760,811 "B"				
Shares of £1 each, fully paid	11,760,811	0	0	
667,050 "C"				
Shares of £1 each, fully paid	667,050	0	0	
		15,858,217	0	0
Reserve Fund		10,250,000	0	0
		386,063,756	9	7

ASSETS

	£	s.	d.
Cash in hand, and with the Bank of England	50,413,030	0	6
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of Collection	10,501,608	6	5
Money at Call and Short Notice	23,988,400	0	0
Bills Discounted	38,258,569	14	3
Investments:— (Including £641,380 6s. 0d. Securities lodged for Public Accounts)			
Securities of, or guaranteed by, the British Government	54,521,242	15	11
British Dominions and Colonial Government Securities, Bank of England and British Corporation Stocks	1,639,740	7	4
Other Investments (including fully paid Shares and 500,000 "B" Shares of £5 each, £1 per Share paid up in Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas))	2,385,209	8	10
	58,546,192	12	1
The British Linen Bank— £1,236,709 0s. 0d. Stock ...	3,710,127	0	0
Union Bank of Manchester Limited— 300,000 Shares of £5 each, £2 10s. paid	1,650,000	0	0
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	168,620,474	19	9
Liability of Customers for Acceptances and Endorsements &c.	24,874,316	17	5
Bank Premises and Adjoining Properties	5,501,036	19	2
	£386,063,756	9	7

VOL. II of SPENGLER'S

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in. Belinda's companion, Miss Curll, is suborned by Portly gold (an insignificant sum) to intercept the letters: so that each lover imagines the other to be false. Horatio flies the country in despair; Belinda loses her appetite and displays all the alarming symptoms of thwarted love. By several lucky strokes they are at last brought together on French soil, a circumstance which also brings to a happy conclusion the sub-plot, the romance between Belinda's father and the Marquise in whose house Horatio had found shelter. It is a simple tale, full of artificiality and sensibility, and only capable of being told as Mr. Belloc tells it. His attitude to his creations is far from consistent. At times he falls into burlesque as broad as Peacock's. At other times he takes the situation seriously, and the passion of the lovers seems a real thing. Had he not let his humour get the better of him, he might have made a beautiful story of 'Belinda'; as it is, he has produced an amusing hybrid, too moving to be a good joke, and too near a joke to be really moving. But such is the charm of his prose, it imparts a unity strong enough to include these diversities of treatment.

'Armance,' published in 1827, is a novel of the same epoch, but a real one, and very serious indeed. But Stendhal has his own artificiality; and his story puts as much strain on the credulity as does Mr. Belloc's. They have this in common: each supposes a world in which far the most important thing is love, and the obstacles love meets with. Mr. Belloc makes these obstacles melodramatic, the deliberate contrivances of villains. Stendhal also has his villains; it is they who bring about the tragic crisis. But the chief obstacle to the course of true love is to be found in the character of Octave—some defect of nature which the author hints at without actually revealing. Octave exhibits Stendhal's peculiar conception of Romanticism. He is touchy and sensitive and proud and a slave to his own special sense of duty. His spirits are either abnormally low or abnormally high. The detection of vulgarity in another makes him ill. Emotions of his own, of which he cannot approve, send him nearly mad:

"What often clouds my soul with darkness [he confides to Madame de Bonnavet], what I have never confided to anyone, is this horrible misfortune: I have no conscience. I find in myself no trace of what you call the intimate sense, no instinctive revulsion from crime. If I abhor vice, it is quite vulgarly by force of reason and because I find it harmful. And what proves to me that there is absolutely nothing divine or instinctive in my nature, is that I can always recall all the elements of the reasoning by which I find vice horrible."

"... You distress me," said Madame de Bonnavet in a tone that revealed the keenest pleasure; "yours is precisely what we call the rebellious nature."

Armance in her way was equally sensitive: the rudeness of a banker "who had not meant to contradict" her, "kept her silent for an hour." To find feelings equally delicate one must turn to 'The Tale of Genji.' The book abundantly illustrates Stendhal's great qualities as a writer, his inability, and his translator's, to write anything that is not distinguished. But of no other great author does one find oneself (in the same degree) asking, "Do you expect me to believe that?"

After 'The Gypsy,' 'Ask the Young' comes as a disappointment. It has much the same subject, but inverted. An artist and his companion (later to be his wife) leave their disapproving parents in America and live in Spain. But they go uphill, not down, become more industrious, more philoprogenitive, until at last, in an ecstasy of "normalcy," they give up Art, return to America, take to golf and business, and altogether "make good." The circumstances of child-birth have exercised a fatal fascination on Mr. Trites. There is technical accomplishment and distinction in the handling of the narrative; but it rarely communicates itself to the subject-matter.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- NAPOLEON. By Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky. Dent. 7s. 6d.
THE GREAT REVOLT IN CASTILE. By Henry Latimer Searer. Constable. 24s. (January 24.)
MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON I. Compiled by F. M. Kircheisen. Hutchinson. 21s.
NEW LIGHT ON PIERIS PLOWMAN. By Allan H. Bright. Milford: Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- THIRTY-TWO POEMS. By E. R. Dodds. Constable. 3s. 6d. (January 24.)
THE COMPLETE POETRY AND SELECTED PROSE OF JOHN DONNE. The Nonesuch Press. 8s. 6d.
THE BERG. By Ernest Raymond. Benn. 3s. 6d. (January 25.)
THE LOVE GAME. By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton and Ralph Neale. Benn. 3s. 6d. (January 25.)
BONAPARTE. By Fritz von Unruh. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

POLITICS

- SOVIET RUSSIA IN THE SECOND DECADE. Edited by Stuart Chase, Robert Dunn and Rexford Guy Tugwell. Williams and Norgate. 16s.
BRITAIN AND GERMANY. By Rolf Gardiner and Heinz Rocholl. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.
HUMAN NATURE IN POLITICS. By Graham Wallas. Constable. 3s. 6d. (January 24.)

MISCELLANEOUS

- PRODIGAL SONS, OR THE FUTURE OF CASTE. By Montgomery Evans. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.
AN ANTHOLOGY OF CZECHOSLOVAK LITERATURE. By Paul Selver. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.
MUST ENGLAND'S BEAUTY PERISH? By G. M. Trevelyan. Faber and Gwyer. 1s.
A DICTIONARY OF THE PLAYS AND NOVELS OF BERNARD SHAW. Black. 10s. 6d.
THE CLOUD-MEN OF YAMATO. By E. V. Gatenby. Murray. 3s. 6d.
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QUARTERLY REVIEW

In Memoriam: John Murray, IV.
Two Emperors. By Lt.-Col. John
Murray, D.S.O.

New Developments in the Relations
between the Papacy and the State.
By Luigi Villari.

A Socialist Fantasy. By A. A. W.
Ramsay, D.Litt.

Poplar and Poplarism. By the
Rev. H. J. Marshall.

The Poor Whites of South Africa.
By L. E. Neame.

Archæological and Topographical
Research in and Near Rome.
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Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, F.R.S.

Education in India. By Sir Ver-
ney Lovett, K.C.S.I.

Agriculture in India. By C. F.
Strickland.

The "Big Navy" of the United
States. By Ignatius Phayre.

The Riddle of Lord Haldane. By
J. H. Morgan, K.C.

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ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 357

(CLOSING DATE: First post, Thursday, January 24)

TO HOLBORN CIRCUS IF YOU WEND YOUR WAY,
OUR PILLARS YOU WILL FIND WITHOUT DELAY.
(IN CASE FROM LONDON TOWN TOO FAR YOU DWELL,
CONSULT A MAP, FOR THAT MAY DO AS WELL).

1. Deprived, poor steeds, of power to leave the spot!
2. He came before us and we knew him not.
3. A bone which in your leg I hope you'll find.
4. By flattery he seeks our eyes to blind.
5. Core of a quadruped of no great size.
6. Ditto of plant whose blue outdoes the sky's.
7. Cunning in words. (His "Funeral" you've read?)
8. By craftsmanship this worker earns his bread.
9. Of lofty speech containing many a flower.
10. Confers an honour, privilege, or power.
11. May harm the argument it's meant to strengthen.
12. To do it forcibly, your tale don't lengthen!

Solution of Acrostic No. 355

P otassiu M
L otter Y
E l Be
A bsenc E * The Periwinkle (*Vinca*) is a well-known
S purious S English garden-plant; *Vinca minor* grows
E dic T wild in some English woods. The other
flA W Periwinkle (Anglo-Saxon *pinewincla*) is a
C ulver In small edible sea-snail.
C adaverou S
E xtinguis H
P eriwinkl E*
T win S

ACROSTIC No. 355.—The winner is Mr. G. W. H. Iago, Sussex House, Cedar Road, Sutton, Surrey, who has selected as his prize 'Vengeful Gods,' by Gertrude Atherton, published by Murray and reviewed by us on January 5, under the heading of 'New Fiction.' Nine other competitors chose this book, 19 named 'William, Prince of Orange,' 17 'The Child in Primitive Society,' 18 'The Diary of John Quincy Adams,' 10 'Apes and Parrots,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armada, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Miss Carter, Chailey, J. Chambers, Chip, Clam, J. R. Cripps, D. L., Dolmar, Dhualt, Jeff, John Lennie, Lepus, Madge, Margaret, George W. Mil'ner, N. O. Sellam, Parvus, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Thora, Twyford, Ve, C. J. Warden, A. R. Wheeler, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Abba, Barberry, E. Barrett, Bolo, Buns, Carlton, Ceyx, Ursula D'Ot, Elizabeth, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, Gay, James Hall, H. C. M., G. H. Hammond, Jop, Miss Kelly, Lilian, Martha, J. F. Maxwell, Met, Mrs. M. Milne, Peter, Polamar, Quis, Remmap, Schoolie, Margarita Skene, Sydney, F. G. Timm, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Crayke, Maude Crowther, M. East, Estela, Ganesh, Glamis, A. de V. Blathwayt, Hanworth, F. M. Petty, Rho Kappa, G. H. Rodolph, Sturco, H. M. Vaughan. All others more.

JOP.—Mirth may be boisterous without degenerating into drunkenness and rioting. Is it not well to maintain the old distinction between revelling and roistering?

IAGO.—Distress is easily relieved, but not Dumbness. Danger and Distress are often linked together as by Byron:

The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress.

J. LENNIE.—Is not Horace a host in himself?

DOLMAR.—Enquiries shall be made at once; you are quite right to have informed us of the non-arrival of your prize.

ACROSTIC No. 354.—TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Carlton.

G. W. MILLER.—You evidently omitted to post the solution to No. 354.

OUR 26TH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Sixth Round the leaders are: Clam, Dhualt, Sisyphus, C. J. Warden (1 point down); J. Chambers, Iago, N. O. Sellam, Yendu (2 down); Armada, Boskerris, Mrs. R. Brown, Ceyx, Chailey, J. R. Cripps, John Lennie, Martha, Shorwell (3); Mrs. J. Butler, G. M. Fowler, Jeff, Mrs. M. Milne, F. M. Petty, St. Ives, A. R. Wheeler, Capt. W. R. Wolseley (4); Bolo, Carlton, Miss Carter, E. Barrett, D. L., Elizabeth, Peter, Twyford (5).

MOTORING

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

AT this time of year, when so many driving licences are renewed, the topic of safer motoring is naturally much discussed in the halls of the various County and Borough councils where these permits are issued. Drivers also receive, with their new licences, a small brochure issued by the Safety First Council giving directions and hints conducive to general safety.

The conversations of the waiting public about safety were illuminating; they touched on many things, ranging from Newtex Safety glass to roundabouts at cross roads. With a greater proportion of closed vehicles using the highways, there is no gainsaying that safety—that is non-splintering—glass is a great asset and that this year a greater number of vehicles are provided with it. The roundabouts at cross roads, to prevent drivers dashing over road intersections at full speed, seem to have the support of the majority of motorists; in the general discussion between a body of individuals waiting in the County Hall—all strangers to one another—these roundabouts were approved of because they prevent arguments as to which roads are the main highways, and it was agreed that the need for slowing down did not materially affect the time taken on the journey.

From roundabouts, discussion progressed to the roads themselves, and the arguments were fierce on the inadequate provision that is being made for the ever-increasing road-using transport vehicles. Two million motor-vehicle licences have already been issued, and more will be granted during the next twelve months. Yet, beyond completing the roads which were started two or three years ago, very little new work is being done at the present time. The demand to "use the unemployed to make more roads" created almost a fracas in the hall; one side held the view that the unemployed in most instances would not make roads if they could get employment on that work, even if they were "miners out of a job," while the other side combated this opinion and blamed the Chancellor of the Exchequer for taking twenty-five million pounds a year out of motorists' pockets in place of spending this additional sum on roads.



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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE Rubber share market, having been neglected for some time, has again stepped into the limelight and the question is everywhere being asked: Will the upward movement last and is it right to buy Rubber shares? Before the abolition of restriction, it had been feared that once the prescribed date was passed, deliveries would be on a greatly increased scale. These fears have so far proved groundless. Users of rubber, particularly on the other side of the Atlantic, who were holding off to buy their supplies when this anticipated glut came to market, have found to their surprise that it was not forthcoming, and, having postponed purchases as long as possible, have had to obtain their requirements in the market. The better tendency that this has created has tempted other buyers to lay in a stock, and, lastly, there has been a certain amount of bear covering. While I believe that we have seen the worst in Rubber, I do not suggest that we shall not see set-backs, both in the price of the commodity and the share market: it is considered that this will inevitably occur. But the very fact that indications point to an end of the depression will cheer those who have watched this market in the Stock Exchange remaining idle and inactive while surrounded by the activity of the industrial share boom. Some time, probably, must elapse before we see real justified activity in Rubber shares. Those, however, who have the patience and wish to have an interest in this market, should consider the desirability of choosing the shares of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust Limited. For 1927 shareholders in this company received 15% in dividends; for 1928 an interim dividend of 5% has been paid, and a final dividend of 10% may in due course be forthcoming. In considering the merits of these shares the fact must not be overlooked that while on December 31, 1927, the date of its last balance sheet, the company's investments were valued at £3,159,603, only 36% of this total was invested in Rubber, 24½% being in Tea and 29% in British Government securities, the remainder being divided among coconuts and commercial undertakings, etc. This division of its investments has proved a source of strength to the company during the recent period of depression in the Rubber share market. At the same time, as its Rubber interests must exceed £1,000,000 in value, any improvement in the Rubber share market would be quickly reflected in the price of these shares, as has been clearly shown during the last week.

BRITISH AMERICAN TOBACCO

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, in his speech this week when presiding over the 26th annual general meeting of the British American Tobacco Company, stated that the policy of that company had been, for many years, to appoint to their board only directors who were active in the tobacco business: practical people who had spent their lives in the business which they were called upon to take a part in directing. The success that the British American Tobacco has achieved and is achieving is probably largely attributable to this cause. Here we have a great company, the chairman of which states at a general meeting that only those who understand the business of the company are invited to join the board and direct its operations. That such a statement should be necessary emphasizes the fact that such a procedure is by no means the general rule in this country. We should almost certainly hear less of industrial depression if all companies followed in the footsteps of the British American Tobacco Company and had their affairs handled by those really fitted to undertake the responsibility.

BARCLAYS BANK MEETING

At the 34th ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank Limited, held on Thursday, in accordance with the usual custom on these occasions, Mr. Goodenough, who presided, dealt with industrial conditions throughout the country and also referred to other important questions, such as German reparations, currency developments, monetary conditions, and gold movements. Mr. Goodenough, in referring to the outlook, said that there was ample ground for a confident and hopeful feeling, and that great efforts were being made to place the depressed industries on a more satisfactory footing. One can only hope that his forecast will prove correct; at the same time one cannot help wondering whether the fact that the wish is father to the thought prompts those presiding over the meetings of our big banks to express over-optimistic views which—at all events during the last two or three years—have not been substantiated by subsequent events.

Mr. Goodenough raised an important and interesting point about investment in gilt-edged securities. He pointed out how each individual investor could help the Government if he were to appropriate some definite sum out of his money available for the purchase of British Government securities. It would raise the price of the securities in the market and would, therefore, be particularly useful to the Government in connexion with their funding and conversion operations, thus helping to reduce the annual charge of interest on the National Debt by assisting the Government to float fresh loans on the finest terms. Further, he stated that it would be well for an investor to turn his attention to the purchase of British Government securities rather than to invest his money in many of the issues of a more or less hazardous character which have lately been offered to the public, some of which must almost inevitably result in a loss. Particular attention is drawn to this conclusion of Mr. Goodenough's speech because, both from a patriotic and personal point of view, the advice is important to all classes of investors.

TIN SELECTION TRUST

The Anglo-Oriental Investment Trust is to be congratulated on the report issued by the Tin Selection Trust, the affairs of which it administers. Despite the fact that last year must have been an inauspicious period for operating in tin shares, the Trust was able to distribute to its shareholders 3s. a share in dividends which compares with 3s. 3d. distributed in the previous year. At the forthcoming meeting shareholders are to be invited to authorize the increase in the capital of the company by £1,000,000. When these shares are issued, presumably they will be offered to existing shareholders in the form of rights on bonus terms. The outlook for tin shares is somewhat uncertain owing to the doubts as to the future trend of the price of the metal. Those desirous of having an interest in this market at the present stage would probably do better in buying shares of a well-administered trust, which the Tin Selection Trust undoubtedly is, than selecting the shares of an individual company.

HYDRO-ELECTRICS

During the amazing boom that has been progressing for so long in America, the various American utility companies have come in for their share of attention, with the result that in certain directions substantial capital appreciation has been enjoyed. The Hydro-Electric Securities Corporation, which was formed by the late Captain Alfred Loewenstein, owns very considerable interests in many first-class American utility companies. So far

Company Meetings

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

SATISFACTORY PROGRESS OF THE BUSINESS

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR 1929

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of British-American Tobacco Company, Ltd., was held on January 14, at offices of the company, Westminster House, 7 Millbank, S.W.1, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., the chairman, presiding.

The Chairman said: As you are aware, it is usual at our annual meeting to go through the various items of the balance-sheet and make some comments thereon. Taking the assets side of the balance-sheet, first, you will observe that the item of real estate and buildings at cost, less provision for amortization of leaseholds, £569,059, shows an increase of £38,370 as compared with last year. This is accounted for by the purchase of some leasehold property and by additional factory buildings which we are erecting. Plant, machinery, furniture, and fittings at cost or under, £777,247, shows an increase of £189,887. This increase is made up of items of additional machinery required in your factories.

Goodwill, trade marks, and patents remain at the same figure as last year, viz., £200,000, and, in view of the great value of the company's trade marks, the directors remain of the opinion that this item should appear on the balance sheet, even if only at the nominal value of £200,000. Loans to and current accounts with your associated companies, £5,434,415, show a small increase of £43,774. Investments in British Government securities and other investments at market price, £275,228, show an increase of £226,195 on Sept. 30 last. This increase is chiefly due to a temporary investment.

ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Investments in Associated Companies show an increase from £20,135,601 to £20,931,081. This is the largest item on the assets side, and shows an increase this year of £795,480. This is accounted for by the increase of your investments in Associated Companies and in the purchase of new businesses. As I mentioned last year, the actual value of your proportion of the net tangible assets of these Associated Companies considerably exceeds the figure at which the investments are carried in the books of your company. Stocks of leaf, manufactured goods and materials at cost or under, now stand at £6,269,490, or an increase of £616,597. This is chiefly due to the increase in the purchase of leaf tobacco to meet increasing business. The stocks of leaf, manufactured goods and materials have been carried at cost or under as in previous years. Sundry debtors, less provision for doubtful debts, short term deposits (£2,250,000) and debit balances now stand at £4,352,575, an increase of £540,370. Short term deposits show an increase of £239,000, trade debts show an increase of over £80,000 and loans against security show an increase of over £200,000. Cash at bankers, in transit, and at call, £2,756,821, shows a small decrease of £32,609.

Turning to the liabilities side of the balance-sheet, the issued capital of 4,500,000 Preference shares remain the same, but the issue of Ordinary shares is increased from 23,499,606 to 23,540,236, an addition of 40,630 shares. This is due to shares allotted to shareholders under a resolution passed at the general meeting held on June 21, 1926, and to the issue of shares to certain directors under another resolution passed at the same meeting. Creditors and credit balances, £5,724,366, represents an increase of £1,640,908 on the figure at which it stood last year. The greater portion of these balances consists of provision for payments of taxation due to British, Dominion, and Foreign Governments, and moneys deposited by your Associated Companies. The item of reserves for buildings and machinery now stands at £525,000, an increase of £25,000. Premium on Ordinary shares issued stands at £559,658, an increase of £20,000. This increase is due to the premium received on the shares issued to directors previously mentioned. Provision for redemption of coupons now stands at £58,963, a decrease of £27. Special reserve has increased from £1,718,665 to £1,921,511, an increase of £202,846. As your chairmen have stated in speeches in previous years, this account was created in which to carry profits of a capital nature.

THE YEAR'S RESULTS

This brings me to the last item, viz., profit and loss account. The accounts show a net profit for the year, after deducting all charges and expenses and providing for income-tax, of £6,563,559, an increase of £209,464 over the previous year, which the directors trust you will consider satisfactory. Last year we carried forward a balance of £4,277,468, out of which we paid a final dividend of 1s. 8d. per share (free of income-tax) amounting to £1,958,353, which left us with a disposable balance of £2,319,115. During the year, as previously mentioned, some additional coupons have been deposited with us in respect of the shares issuable in pursuance of the extraordinary resolution of the shareholders of June 21, 1926, and we have allotted to shareholders 630 Ordinary shares of £1

each, and a sum of £630 has to be deducted from the balance, leaving £2,318,485. To this must be added the profits for the year as previously mentioned, £6,563,559, less the Preference dividend amounting to £225,000 and the four interim dividends paid on the Ordinary shares for the year amounting to £3,920,872, leaving a disposable balance of £4,736,173, out of which the directors recommend the distribution on Jan. 24 next of a final dividend (free of British income-tax) on the issued Ordinary shares of 1s. 8d. per share, amounting to £1,961,686, leaving £2,774,486 to be carried forward, all of which is required in the operations of the company.

Let me draw your attention to the fact that the figures which we are now discussing refer to the company's business as of Sept. 30 last year. Since that time we have issued to shareholders shares in the Tobacco Securities Trust Company Ltd., therefore, the changes in our balance-sheet—which this proceeding renders necessary—do not appear in the accounts now before you, and will not appear until you have before you the accounts for the current year.

I am sure you will all share the regret that my co-directors and I feel at the death of our co-director, the late Sir George Wills.

NEW DIRECTORS

We have been fortunate in that Sir Gilbert Wills, chairman of that great undertaking, the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd., has joined our board, and I am sure that you will welcome his appointment. It has been for many years past our policy to appoint on our board only directors who are active in the tobacco business. What I mean by this is—practical people who have spent their lives in the business which they are now called upon to take a part in directing. We therefore endeavour as far as may be to fill vacancies on our board by taking the best available men from our staff and those of our subsidiary companies, and in pursuance of this policy and in order to meet the growing needs of our business, we have appointed—since I had the pleasure of addressing you last year—three new directors, Messrs. Morris, Anderson, and Gillon.

I now formally beg to move the adoption of the report and balance sheet for the year ended Sept. 30, 1928, including payment on Jan. 24 inst. of a final dividend of 1s. 8d. per share upon the issued Ordinary shares, free of British income-tax. I may also mention that the directors have declared for the year 1928-29 an interim dividend of 10d. per share, free of British income-tax, also payable on Jan. 24, so that the shareholders will receive on that date 2s. 6d. per share.

Mr. S. J. Gillchrest seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

LEETHEMS (TWILFIT)

INTERIM DIVIDEND FORESHADOWED

THE STATUTORY GENERAL MEETING of Leethems (Twilfit), Ltd., was held on the 15th inst. at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. J. T. P. Rowland, J.P. (the chairman), presiding.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said: You, as shareholders, may be thinking, "What assets have we obtained in exchange for £350,000 cash payment?" We obtain in tangible assets £273,692, and in intangible assets £76,308. Intangible assets are, of course, goodwill, trade-marks, registered designs and patents. Our trade-mark "Twilfit" is, of course, well known to all of you, or at any rate to your wives, but in addition we own a number of other trade-marks, and the goods bearing these marks command a ready sale.

We took over from the old company £19,938 in cash. At the end of December, although we have adhered to our custom of paying weekly for our raw material and thereby taking advantage of full possible discounts, we had approximately £56,000 at our bankers in hand. This must indicate that the book debts and stocks have been kept liquid, and points to the profits being maintained.

In valuing our investment in Leethems (Ireland), our Irish subsidiary, we have taken the usual course of fixing the figure of our actual expenditure. We could have made it a larger sum had we liked, but we preferred to follow a conservative policy. At this juncture it would be opportune to direct your attention to our new "Twilfit" corset factory at Dublin, which was opened in December last by Mr. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State. This new factory will enable us to treble our output, and we anticipate that the next twelve months will see a substantial improvement in our trade.

With regard to our immediate prospects, I am very pleased to say that, notwithstanding general bad conditions of trade, our sales for the six months ended 31st December have been fully maintained.

In conclusion, given no unforeseen setback in the trade of the country, the directors feel confident that they will be in a position to declare an interim dividend on the Ordinary shares, possibly in April.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors concluded the proceedings.

Hydro-Electric shares have not reflected to any great extent the improvement in the value of its assets and it would not be surprising if these shares enjoyed steady capital appreciation during the next twelve months.

UNDERGROUND SHARES

Home Rails appear to be regaining a little of their lost popularity in the Stock Exchange, with the result that prices show decided improvements from the low levels to which they had sunk. Opinion is gaining ground that despite the falling off in traffics during the recent months, London and North Eastern Railway 4% second preference will receive their full 4% of dividend. In these circumstances the stock appears decidedly under-valued at the present level, and should enjoy a further rise of several points. So far no great activity has sprung up in Underground ordinary shares. Those who are prepared to exercise a fair amount of patience should consider the desirability of locking away a few of these shares as a permanent investment. Controlling, as this company does, the bulk of the transport system of London, it can look forward over a period of years to steady expansion with growing revenue and increasing profits, all of which must tend to carry the shares to a higher level.

WESTERN AUTOMATIC MACHINES

A preliminary notice is published in this REVIEW dealing with an issue of 2,000,000 shares of 1s. each in the Western Automatic Machines Limited, a company formed to provide and deal with automatic vending machines. It will be seen that the company's business is based on two contracts for the sale of sweetmeats.

LEETHEMS TWILFIT

At the statutory general meeting of Leethems (Twilfit) Limited held last week, the Chairman had a satisfactory tale to unfold to his shareholders and expressed optimistic views as to the outlook for the company.

NATIONAL SMELTING COMPANY

In view of the substantial rise in Burma Corporation shares, the ordinary shares of the National Smelting Company appear worthy of attention. The National Smelting Company owns 4,000,000 Burma shares, which holding is part of the security for the debenture debt which is to be paid off on January 1, 1931. There is £1,328,550 of this debenture debt outstanding, while the preference capital of the company amounts to £650,000. If we take Burma Corporation shares at 19s. each, the value of the 4,000,000 is £3,800,000, and if we deduct from this the debenture debt and the preference capital, which total slightly under £2,000,000, a balance of approximately £1,800,000 is left to divide among the 1,000,000 Ordinary shares of the National Smelting Company, which is equal to 36s. per share. As this valuation is 2s. or 3s. under the market price of National Smelting shares and takes no account of the National Smelting Company's principal assets, which are its Smelting works and organization, it will be seen that the shares are decidedly under-valued at the present market price.

COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the following Company Meetings: The British American Tobacco Co., Ltd., Leethems (Twilfit) Ltd., and Michael Nairn and Greenwich, Ltd.

TAURUS

SCOTTISH FINANCE COMPANY LIMITED

announces that the issue for subscription at par of

2,000,000 Shares of 1s. each

IN THE

WESTERN AUTOMATIC MACHINES LIMITED

will be made next Monday

The Capital of the Company is £150,000, divided into 3,000,000 Shares of 1s. each.

The Prospectus will show that:

1. The Company will own Automatic vending machines of all kinds, but particularly for the sale of well-advertised lines of confectionery.
2. Contracts have been entered into for the sale of:—

FRY'S CHOCOLATE

and

CLARNICO CARAMEL & TOFFEE

which will be sold in **ONE PENNY** packets in 20,000 machines.

3. From the above two contracts alone a net annual profit of £48,774 is estimated, while further substantial profits should accrue from other business which the Company is negotiating.

BANKERS:

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED, Head Office, 41, Lothbury, E.C.2, and Branches.

NORTH OF SCOTLAND BANK LIMITED, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, London, and Branches.

BROKERS:

MOY, SMITH, VANDERVELL & CO., 7, Angel Court, E.C.2, and Stock Exchange.

F. W. STAVEACRE & CO., Post Office Chambers, 26, Brown Street, Manchester, and Stock Exchange.

PEARSON, CONNOR & CO., 20, Renfield Street, Glasgow, and Stock Exchange.

ALBERT E. BARTLETT & CO., Shannon Court, Corn Street, Bristol, and Stock Exchange.

ISSUING HOUSE:

SCOTTISH FINANCE COMPANY LIMITED, 3, London Wall Buildings, London, E.C.2, and 14, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow, C.1.

Prospectuses are available and may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers and Issuing House as above



Company Meeting

MICHAEL NAIRN & GREENWICH,
LIMITED

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Michael Nairn and Greenwich, Limited, was held on Thursday last at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Sir Michael Nairn, Bt. (the Chairman) said that they all greatly regretted the loss which their company had sustained by the death in March last of Mr. John Nairn. It was well known that the old firm of Michael Nairn and Co., Limited, was largely a family business. The business had been built up, and had attained its first position of prominence in the trade under the management of his late father and his brother, the late Mr. John Nairn. It was also under that combination that he (the chairman) and most of the present directors received their initial training in the industry, and he thought it was only those of them who were fortunate enough to have the advantage of that training who could appreciate to the full extent the loss which his death had meant to the company.

Mr. John Nairn started his business life in the year 1872 and became chairman of Michael Nairn and Co., Limited, in 1915, on the death of the late Sir Michael. On the formation of their company he was the first chairman, and only resigned his position owing to failing health in 1924, though he continued to remain a director until the day of his death.

The results for the past year enabled them once more to declare a final dividend of 7½ per cent, making 12½ per cent, less income tax, for the year, and to carry forward £44,729 as against £37,740 last year. The figures presented might be taken as an indication of the continued prosperity of their associated companies. He was closely in touch with both the Nairn and the Greenwich companies and, broadly speaking, there were three main departments in both concerns—manufacture, administration, distribution—and it was the constant aim of the directors so to co-ordinate the activities of each of those departments as to ensure the maximum of efficiency in the general conduct of the business.

At the recent meeting of the Greenwich company, it was stated that every effort was being made by the increase of plant and equipment to meet the growing demand for Greenwich infall linoleum, and the Nairn Company were pursuing a similar policy in regard to their own productions. One of the most recent developments at Kirkcaldy was the installation of a power station, which he claimed to be second to none in this country. It had taken a considerable time to erect, had cost a very large amount of money, had rendered obsolete old furnaces, and, although not yet in full working order, had already been the means of effecting important economies in the cost of manufacture. The machinery and plant at both works under the supervision of expert staffs were kept thoroughly up to date, and the constant endeavour in every manufacturing department was not only to maintain but to raise higher the standard of quality always associated with Nairn and Greenwich goods.

The importance of a modern system of administration in commercial business could not be exaggerated, and in both companies the latest methods of accountancy and costing had been introduced, and those gave to the directors the most effective and complete control over the whole of the business operations. The distribution of the goods manufactured by the associated companies was in the hands of a competent and experienced selling staff, who were continually in touch with buyers in every country in the world, and it was their business not only to sell linoleum, but to keep the directors constantly informed regarding the individual requirements of various markets.

At the annual meeting last year he had referred to the formation of a new company in Australia, called Michael Nairn and Co. (Australia), Ltd. The new company was now manufacturing goods, and he had every reason to believe that the step taken to conserve the Nairn interests in Australia would prove in the best interests of the shareholders. There was another point of considerable importance to which he desired to refer. It had always been the object of the directors to create an atmosphere of goodwill between the respective boards and the workpeople, and there had been for many years a growing spirit of co-operation which made for smooth working and willing service. The same spirit prevailed in the managerial, administrative and selling staffs, and at the annual meetings of both companies special mention had been made of the loyal service rendered by all the departments, and that had been recognised in the usual tangible form.

In conclusion, he would like to say that both the Nairn and Greenwich Companies had had a most satisfactory year, both in profit and sales. During a period when there had been so much depression in various sections of the industry, it was gratifying that such results had been achieved. He would like to add that in both companies ample provision had been made for depreciation, and adequate additions had been placed to reserve accounts.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a final dividend of 7½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. for the year, was declared.

MIDLAND BANK

LIMITED

Established 1836

Chairman:

THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA

Deputy Chairmen:

W. G. BRADSHAW, C.B.E.

S. CHRISTOPHERSON

Joint Managing Directors:

FREDERICK HYDE

EDGAR W. WOOLLEY

Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1928

LIABILITIES

	£
Paid-up Capital	13,432,968
Reserve Fund	13,432,968
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance) ..	396,406,964
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits	24,942,269
Engagements —	49,498,865

ASSETS

Coin, Gold Bullion, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	45,440,918
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	20,247,083
Money at Call & Short Notice ...	27,681,297
Investments	36,868,698
Bills Discounted	63,347,503
Advances	214,050,972
Liabilities of Customers for Accept- ances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements	74,441,134
Bank Premises —	8,725,101
Capital, Reserve & Undivided Profits of	
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. ...	1,392,981
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. ...	2,842,420
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,309,472
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	366,455

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 Block Printing and Book Illustration in Japan. New, £2 2s.
 Published at £4 4s.
 Balzac's Works. Caxton Edit. with many illustrations. 53 vols.
 £10 10s.
 Defoe's Works. 14 vols. Just issued. £5 5s.
 Milne Gallery of Children. L.P. £3 3s.
 Dunhill. The Pipe Book. 5s. Published at 18s.
 Noel Williams. Life of Queen Margot. 15s. Published at 42s.
 Harper's Haunted Houses. 6s. Published at 12s. 6d.
 Shaw's British Sporting Artists. 25s. Published at 42s.
 Lucas. John Constable the Painter. 35s. Published at 63s.
 Dickens. Christmas Stories. 6s. 6d. Published at 12s. 6d.
 Kearton's Photographing Wild Life. 10s. 6d. Published at 24s.
 Weighall. Ancient Egyptian Works of Art. 30s. Pub. at 63s.

BOOKS WANTED

Who's Who. 1928.
 Galsworthy's Forsythe Saga. 1922.
 Lamb's Album Verses. 1830.
 Shaw's Plays. 2 vols. 1898.
 Hardy's Tess. 3 vols. 1891.
 Melville. The Whale. 3 vols. 1851.
 Stephen's Crock of Gold. 1912.
 Lee Canterbury Tales. 5 vols. 1797-1805.
 Boswell's Johnson. 2 vols. 1791.
 Chesterfield Letters. 2 vols. 1774.

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Cecil Palmer	Hodge	Selwyn & Blount
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